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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 451
EDITORIALS:
British Freedom of the Straits 453
The Last of the Big Four 454
The Coming Political Cleavage 455
Fact-Finding *vs.* Fact-Using 456
Forms and the World 456
A New American Queen 457
LOOKING ON. By Art Young 458
THE ECONOMIC SITUATION IN GREAT BRITAIN. By J. A. Hobson 459
THESE UNITED STATES—XV. MICHIGAN: THE FORDIZING OF A PLEASANT PENINSULA. By Leonard Lanson Cline 461
THE FAIR AT NIZHNI NOVGOROD. By Paxton Hibben 464
SMITH W. BROOKHART, DISSENTER. By Austin Haines 465
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 467
CORRESPONDENCE 467
PROVINCIAL. By Viola C. White 472
MIRAGE. By Frank Ernest Hill 472
BOOKS:
A Note on Irony. By J. W. Krutch 473
What of the Night? By Henry Raymond Mussey 474
American Race Riots. By Walter White 475
A Post-Bellum Paracelsus. By Roy Temple House 476
Legal Notes. By William MacDonald 477
MUSIC:
The Ukrainian National Chorus. By L. L. 477
DRAMA:
Helots. By Ludwig Lewisohn 478
THE NATION'S POETRY PRIZE 478
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
A Hundred Men Knocked Senseless Every Day 480
Maintaining Law and Order in France 482
Stamboliisky 484

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PITY the poor oil companies! Here is the browbeaten Ohio Oil Company declaring a stock dividend of only 300 per cent. The Vacuum Oil announces that it will do as well but that it can do no better. While the ill-treated Standard Oil Company of New Jersey is able to declare 400 per cent, that is of course only a part of what it would have been able to do if it had not been harried and worried by that governmental interference with business with whose evil results we have all been made so dreadfully familiar. The poor little Southern States Oil Company, which is paying a beggarly 12 per cent cash a year to its stockholders, is able to give only an 8 per cent stock bonus to them, so crippled is it by income taxes and other heavy tax burdens. "Mexican Pete" has a cash surplus of $27,525,000 in its treasury, on the strength of which it can only issue new stock on the basis of two and one-half shares to one of the existing. Now isn't it just like the pesky politicians that one Congressman Frear must rise to debate with the Secretary of the Treasury the question whether this is not an effort to avoid paying income taxes and whether Mr. Mellon is utilizing Section 220 of the 1921 Revenue Act, which prescribes methods for reaching holders of surplus held for the purpose of escaping taxation! On top of that there are actually protests from owners of automobiles who selfishly assert that from five to ten cents could be knocked off the gallon price of gasoline and still leave the companies alive.

KEEPING up with the turns of French politics requires an agile mind. Clemenceau is an unpopular figure in France today. The entire Paris press—except for one paper, edited by his faithful André Tardieu—is abusing the poor old man; they call him pro-English, which is as bad in Paris today as to be pro-German. Caillaux, it is reported, is almost ready to stage his return to politics. The traitors of yester-year are returning to favor; the demigods are without honor. The French chambers of commerce are polling their members on the question of trade relations with Russia, and their leaders advocate the change. M. Herriot, leader of the so-called Radical Party, has been to Moscow parleying with Lenin; the once bitter *Matin* explains to its readers that Russia gave up the fight in 1918 only because France and the Allies refused support to the army of Lenin and Trotzky; the semi-official *Temps* proclaims that "Russia has made her diplomatic reentry into Europe" and casually remarks that Russia has a right to a say about the Straits. In the coming conference France, the ally of Turkey, may well support Moscow against London in the question of the Straits. It is a long call back to the days of the *union sacrée* and a united command.

GOOD news—except for the bloodthirsty bishops and militant ministers—comes from Constantinople, where the American committee appointed by Rear Admiral Bristol has reported to him upon conditions in the "supposedly devastated territory." The committee found that the Greek prisoners were "respectably treated" by their guards and gave no evidences of undernourishment. These American investigators found "no acute suffering or gruesome sights," and even in towns where houses have been destroyed there are still enough standing to house everybody. All of this is cheering, indeed, but it should not interfere with the work of the Near East Relief, for the committee finds the crops destroyed and a desperate need for medical supplies. President Harding's leadership in this relief work deserves the highest praise and all possible support, for there can be no question of the authenticity of the need. That cannot be said of the fresh reports of Turkish massacres in Eastern Thrace. No such stories should be credited until verified.

THERE are atrocities enough to meditate upon in our own country. Another Negro was lynched in Georgia the other day, and the four white men whose indictment for participation in a lynching was so loudly heralded have been found not guilty. In Texas still another Negro has been lynched, and no one knows—or will say—what for. In Tennessee two white men were taken from jail on October 20 and lynched. In Portland, Oregon, the witchcraft delusion persists; 200 men have been rounded up, charged with the fearful crime of carrying membership cards in the I. W. W., and deported from the city without warrant of

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law. Meanwhile some seventy I. W. W.s, against whom no overt act is charged, are still held in Leavenworth Prison because of wartime expression of dissenting opinion, and President Harding, in commuting the sentences of six of them, attaches the condition that they respect the laws—of which respect he, or some one of Mr. Daugherty's understudies who will speak in the President's name, will be the sole judge. Brethren, let us pray that the heathen nations may, in the course of centuries, mount to our civilized level!

JUDGE HAND'S upholding of the Daugherty ruling prohibiting liquor on foreign ships in American ports was expected. The only exception that he makes is to permit foreign vessels to carry the stocks necessary for the crews' rations on the return voyage. Appeals from this decision the transatlantic steamship companies will of course take, but Judge Hand—he is one of the soundest men on the Federal bench—will probably be upheld. So we are one step nearer serious international trouble over the prohibition question. England has quite rightly refused to assent to our searching her ships beyond the three-mile limit and has entered an emphatic protest—in marked contrast to Mr. Wilson's complaisance in the seizing of American ships by British cruisers prior to our entering the war—against the recent capture of a schooner off Atlantic City. Retaliation from abroad we may certainly look for. No European country will be content to have the conduct of its ships controlled in its home ports by American-made law. The *Nautical Gazette* reports the suggestion of retaliation in the form of a requirement that no American ship shall enter a foreign port without a full supply of liquor on board!

AT last the Kaiser has rendered a real service to his countrymen. If his reminiscences now appearing in the New York *Times* and other dailies on both sides of the Atlantic do not enormously strengthen the German Republic we miss our guess. Here is a man who always assured us that he was the Lord's anointed, that he ruled Germany by divine right and by divine wisdom. Now we see him not only as he saw himself but as he was; by his own act his faded raiment of royalty becomes mere rags and tatters. This brainless, silly, helter-skelter autobiographer a great figure? Why, not a word in his reminiscences thus far published indicates the least capacity to govern a village, much less a nation of sixty millions. How anyone could read these memoirs of the greatest struggle in history and still prefer an hereditary ruler to one chosen of the people is beyond us. Never was there a clearer example of the risk a nation runs with a system of governing outworn a century and a half ago. The defenders of the German Republic may well rejoice. These memoirs and his remarriage must leave the Kaiser with none to do him honor.

"RUM, rowdyism, and riot" was one description of the Kansas City convention of the American Legion last year. This year the Legion met at New Orleans. As a prelude to the convention an injunction was issued against forty-odd alleged drinking places. But, the correspondent of the New York *Times* reports, "the injunction is only a memory. . . . Now and then a policeman would suggest that the imbibing be accomplished in discreet fashion, whereupon, as a rule, the legionaire would offer the policeman a drink." John Hilkene invited the delegates to meet at Panama next year: "I can assure you," he said, "that we have no prohibition down there and that Panama is almost as wet as this wonder city of New Orleans." It is a dangerous thing for an organization which wishes to be considered the serious expression of American veterans to regard itself, and expect to be regarded, as above the law. Mr. Gompers's proposal of an unholy alliance of labor and the Legion, with a common program of beer and a bonus, will not raise the prestige of either.

IT is difficult to see in the new indictment against Captain Robert Rosenbluth anything but a prostitution of the machinery of justice to serve Mr. Daugherty's personal ends. The investigation of his conduct in office, which a committee of the House of Representatives will soon undertake, could not have ignored Captain Rosenbluth's persistent charges of persecution by the Department of Justice. But Mr. Daugherty has obtained from a Federal grand jury in Tacoma, Washington, this new indictment, which he may or may not press, but which will automatically prevent a consideration of his conduct in the Rosenbluth case. The Department of Justice on its own motion dismissed its first case against Rosenbluth; Mr. Daugherty himself admitted lack of jurisdiction; the evidence the Department had gathered, by most questionable means, was so weak that the county prosecutor in Tacoma to whom it was turned over—minus some of the material most favorable to Rosenbluth—publicly exonerated the captain; Rosenbluth himself was not allowed to testify before the Federal grand jury; and, worst of all, his lawyer says he has evidence that before the case was presented to the grand jury, agents of the Department advised Rosenbluth that his well-to-do friends would find it cheaper to drop the effort to help him get redress for his wrongs than to go on fighting. In view of these facts, we dare hope that the courts will dismiss the indictment in time to permit a thorough airing of the case in the coming proceedings against the Attorney General.

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK is a Baptist preacher in a Presbyterian pulpit in New York City. The Presbyterians have a rigid creed in the interpretation of which they have been inclined to allow increasing latitude; the Baptists have no such creed, but the Fundamentalists have been trying to force one on them. Against it Dr. Fosdick preached a powerful sermon which was at bottom less a plea for modernism than for an inclusive church. For that he has been abused in characteristic fashion by New York's one and only John Roach Straton. More recently the Presbytery of Philadelphia has felt called upon to bring to the attention of the next General Assembly Dr. Fosdick's sin against orthodoxy. We are assured by Presbyterian ecclesiastics that it will be difficult from the standpoint of church law, and more difficult from the standpoint of popular feeling, to get effective action by the church against Dr. Fosdick. Nevertheless the attack upon him is a melancholy evidence of misdirected energy and zeal. We are not aware that many preachers these days turn away hearers. That is what happens in the church where Dr. Fosdick preaches. A wise church, we think, would let such a man alone; a Christian church in these days would find nobler employment than bitter wrangling on ancient creeds.

TWO more items are to be added to the tiresome tale of interference with literature which is alleged to be obscene. Mr. James Branch Cabell's delightful "Jurgen" has

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been tried and found innocent. In the Court of General Sessions of New York Judge Nott directed the jury to acquit the publishers. Mr. Sumner and his Vice Society having lost their case against Boni and Liveright, publishers of an English translation of the surviving fragment of the "Satirae" of Petronius Arbiter, they appealed to Chief Magistrate McAdoo to overrule Magistrate Oberwager's decision. He refused. Whereupon Mr. Sumner enlisted the interest of the District Attorney, Mr. J. H. Banton, who pronounces the book indecent and threatens to bring it before the grand jury. An amusing aspect of these cases is that our learned judges are obliged to become literary critics. Magistrate Oberwager's decision includes, beside purely legal matter, a really excellent essay on Petronius. Judge Nott's brief opinion on "Jurgen" is such a literary note as a professional reviewer would be glad to sign.

THE appearance of the extraordinarily handsome Carra edition of the collected works of George Moore and the preparations now being made for a great collected edition of the writings of John Galsworthy serve to remind one, among other things, of our generosity to the present and our niggardliness to the past. The people of no other speech are so careless of their classics. There exists, for instance, no adequate and full edition of the prose works of Coleridge nor of those of Matthew Arnold. When well-edited editions are finally published, like that of Hazlitt which appeared a few years ago, they are forbiddingly high in price and often soon out of print. We welcome these fine collected editions of our major contemporaries; we are also well pleased when a publisher brings out such new and beautiful sets of important foreign authors as the Maupassant edited by Mr. Ernest Boyd. But that publisher would earn our lasting gratitude who would make it as easy for us to pick up for a few dollars the collected works of the classics of our language as it is for any educated Frenchman, German, or Italian to pick up those of his own, and as the Loeb Classical Library has made it for us to turn to the great writers of classical antiquity.

AT last the mystery is solved—the mystery of the eel. Ever since the days of Aristotle icthyologists have puzzled over the life-history of this teleostemous fish. It has long been known that the eels came up from the sea in spring, and that in autumn and winter they turned seaward, traveling at a rate of ten miles per night, especially on moonless nights, and resting in the day-time. But where they spawned has only just been discovered. In 1763 one William Morris found off the coast of England the transparent little paper-like fish which more than a century later, in 1893, was proved by an Italian biologist, Grassi, to be the larva of the common eel. Now a Dane, Johannes Schmidt, has filled in the gaps in the strange tale. He has found a little patch in the North Atlantic, 500 miles northeast of the Leeward Islands, where, thousands of miles from their fresh-water homes and a thousand feet below the surface, all the millions of eels are born each year. As the tiny larvae grow they struggle upward toward the surface and head homeward, the European larvae unerringly toward Europe, the American toward America. A year later the European larvae may be caught in mid-Atlantic, doughtily swimming for Europe. Another summer finds them on the coast of the Continent. In their third year they take no food at all but go through a sea-change from salt-water apparatus into fresh-water fish. It takes five or six years for a male European eel to reach maturity and from five to twenty for a female, and when mature apparently they just turn back to their Atlantic birth-water, spawn, and die. The American eel, however, is a different fellow. Like the American flapper he matures young. In one short year he passes through all the larval stages which take his European cousin five. Who would ever have suspected all that of what the encyclopedias call "an elongated apodal fish"?

British Freedom of the Straits

H. N. BRAILSFORD, one of the most brilliant of British journalists, has taken over the editorship of the *Labor Leader*, which now becomes the *New Leader*. In his first issue he gives so keen an analysis of that much-abused phrase, the "freedom of the Straits," that it is a temptation to reprint it solidly. We must content ourselves with extracts:

> The "freedom" phrase is no better than a smoke-cloud. It has two possible meanings. It may mean that the Straits may at all times serve the purpose of an open highroad for the world's commerce. . . . The Turks have no thought of opposing this demand. . . . There was no need to send the least of our light cruisers to enforce it. The phrase has, however, another meaning. Contention has raged from the end of the eighteenth century downwards over the right of warships to use the Straits. . . . Downing Street wants freedom, but is it perchance a superb freedom, an imperial freedom, a freedom to send Iron Dukes and Benbows through the Straits at will? This freedom it has enjoyed since the armistice. . . . It used it to blockade Russian ports. It used it to send French troops and British munitions to back Denikin and Wrangel. It used it to occupy Batum and the oil pipe to Baku. It used it to further the designs of its Greek clients, whose warships were anchored off Constantinople as recently as September 25. While it has this power to use the Straits it is the predominant power in the Black Sea as it is in the Mediterranean. It may overawe Constantinople or dominate Odessa. There is no purpose of modern capitalistic imperialism but is easier of realization while this "right" exists. Do we want to retain the oil of Mosul? That will be easier when the Sultan looks from his palace windows at the muzzles of our 15-inch guns. Do we want to recover the British oil properties at Baku? That also is easier if Dreadnoughts may anchor off Batum. . . .
>
> It is for power that we are contending, not for freedom. . . . To talk of the League as mistress of the Straits is to deceive ourselves. The League has no ships. The League has no guns. Open the Straits to warships and the effective power to close them will belong to the strongest navy. . . . The obvious course for a world that desires peace is to open the Straits at all times to merchantmen, and to close them forever to warships. That solution . . . may break down, even certainly will break down, if it comes again to general war. But it is better to take that risk than to challenge all the world by erecting what would be in effect yet another British strangle-hold across the seas. Suez and Gibraltar are provocation enough.

Spoken like an Englishman who has not forgotten that the British tradition of fair play in sport has an application in international relations as well! To open the Straits to warships was long the aim of imperial Russia. Today it is the aim of imperial Britain. But it is an aim of imperialism and of imperialism only, and sentimental editors and publicists who have been misled into taking Lloyd George's words at their face value would do well to ponder upon Brailsford's unanswerable argument.

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The Last of the Big Four

SWIFT and straight has come the reply to Lloyd George's boast phrased in the exact language once used by the Kaiser: "As long as I have a sword in my hand and God gives me the strength to use it, I will." As he himself says, he is now of the army of the unemployed—and the world breathes more easily. But that man would be rash, indeed, who would now say *vale* to Lloyd George and seek to assay his career as if it were at an end. So daring, so unscrupulous a politician, so delicate a weathervane to all the political winds, will not be so easily put down. Upon the opposition bench he may even on occasion render useful service. He has been unhorsed with amazing speed and suddenness, and is today adrift without policy or program, upon what is to be the briefest of electoral campaigns. Adored of the multitude he still seems, if cheering crowds are an index—they frequently deceive. But his first two fighting speeches, brilliant as they are, were not attuned to the need of the hour. They made no constructive suggestions. The greatest of opportunists has been taken aback and is at a loss; neither war-cry, nor electoral shibboleth has yet leaped from his lips. There is no Kaiser to hang this time, no ton for ton, no shilling for shilling demand. For all the bravado of his performance the great audience is likely to remain cold.

So England probably faces a Conservative Government as the outcome of the election, and the only wonder is that a reaction to the right has been so long postponed, for that reaction, as France and America show, is the natural result of the war which was to have liberalized the world. The enormous majority at the Carlton Club is clear enough indication how strong the Conservative membership felt itself, especially in view of the fact that the vote to dissolve the Coalition was in the face of advice to the contrary from both Lord Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain. "No such dramatic revolt of the rank and file of a political party against its officers ever before was recorded in English politics," writes Mr. A. G. Gardiner, so long editor of the *Daily News*, who attributes the Premier's fall to the great accumulation of grievances, of which the handling of the Turkish issue was the final straw. Undoubtedly historians will chiefly busy themselves with Lloyd George's conduct of the war. It will be said by some that he was raised up by high Heaven itself to carry the war through to its conclusion and that no one else could have done what he did. But the historian who contents himself with the military record in his summary of Lloyd George's premiership will go far afield. The debasement of English political life for which Lloyd George is responsible may prove as significant for the future development of Great Britain as the winning of the war or the loss of the peace. Under Lloyd George parliamentary government in England has all but been destroyed. Not since the days of George III has public office been so deliberately and so unblushingly used to purchase and to control a majority, and not for much more than a century has any ruler of England so dispensed titles for the sole purpose of building up a personal machine and holding himself in power. What Lloyd George has done to degrade British journalism has only been partly measured as yet—the proprietors of the dirtiest and lowest rags in the London press are, however, secure in their unearned titles. Yet this is as nothing to the moral confusion of the British nation which must be laid at his door. Will it be any wonder if the British electorate prefers a quiet, firm, handling of the nation's business, even if that means a period of extreme conservatism and reaction?

The Liberal Party must now pay the price not only for the years of diplomatic folly that led it into the war but for its own cowardly subservience since the treaty of peace, of which, by the way, Mr. Lloyd George is now boasting; it is he and not Mr. Wilson, he declares, who is really the author of the League of Nations. Instead of coming out of this war triumphantly as it emerged under young Lloyd George and Campbell-Bannerman from the Boer War, it looks as if the Liberal Party would not win sixty seats in the coming election, and would therefore take rank after the Labor Party, for which Mr. Gardiner foresees 150 members. Ardently as *The Nation* desires to see a Labor Government in England, the best friends of the Labor Party agree that it will profit by a longer apprenticeship before taking up the reins. Its record in the dying Parliament has been little to its credit; it has been without great, without even fighting leadership. It has had no single compelling, moral issue, upon which to stand; it neglected its opportunity to fight for a just and a lasting peace in Europe. Yet that there will come to it in this new election a great quickening of leadership and power is beyond question. For among its several hundred candidates will be men like Sidney Webb, Ramsay MacDonald, the Buxtons, General Thomson, Norman Angell, and a host of men and women who have parliamentary ability as well as ideals and principles passionately held to. It is not easy to conceive of their imitating the Liberal Party and surrendering on demand so historic a principle as the free trade upon which the Liberal-Coalitionists compromised at Lloyd George's demand. In matters of foreign policy, too, they should stand fast and be able to prevent such mad undertakings as Lloyd George's throwing down the gauntlet to Kemal. Theirs will be the chance and the duty to fight for a revision of the treaty under which the Entente totters and Europe sinks slowly into ruin and despair. They may be trusted, too, to labor unceasingly for friendly political relations with the Soviet Republic.

Lloyd George is, of course, profoundly hurt that the Conservatives should now wish to go back to what he calls dangerous partisan government, meaning thereby a Government without himself in the premiership. But a coalition Government which forgets all party principles and merely follows subserviently the greatest political opportunist is a worse menace to any country than even blind partisanship. Particularly in England, if parliamentary government is to work at all, must there be a vigorous and able Opposition. It has been the curse of Lloyd George himself that that Opposition has been lacking, for it could have saved him from many a mistake and prevented his development of that extraordinary dictatorship over the English people which has, in the last analysis, been his undoing. Extraordinarily gifted, amazingly able, the shiftiest and readiest and most successful debater in the history of Parliament, the Last of the Big Four retires for his country's good, to the profit of the world. We believe that posterity will be able to offset all his good deeds merely by citing his complicity, his utter failure, at Versailles.

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The Coming Political Cleavage

MANY persons, disappointed with the failure of the Farmer-Labor Party to make a more sizable dent in the Presidential vote of two years ago, have hastened to declare the attempt premature and to conclude that success for such a movement is still far off. They make the mistake of regarding as a major effort what was in fact only a prelude, and they fail to recognize that the Presidential election of 1920 did not begin to register the actual discontent with the impotence and hypocrisy of both old parties.

While the demand for a new party or parties has hitherto come almost entirely from the progressives and largely from those no longer actively associated with either the Republicans or the Democrats, this year's campaign has called forth from conservatives several striking declarations for a new political alignment, including statements by men high in the councils of the major parties. We have recently printed the protest of Frank A. Munsey, a conservative Republican newspaper and magazine publisher, against the meaningless mumbo-jumbo of existing party divisions, and have commented upon an outspoken assertion of a similar character by Lindley M. Garrison, Secretary of War under Mr. Wilson. Close on their heels comes Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University and an influential old-school Republican, speaking in this wise:

> In each of the two great historic parties there are millions of upright men and women who have no substantial differences with each other on grounds of principle, but who are continuing a mock battle with wooden guns after all cause of conflict has passed away and when a very different and bitter struggle is organizing on another part of the battlefield. . . . The overwhelming majority of Republicans and the overwhelming majority of Democrats, who are in substantial agreement on all fundamentals, should speedily find ways to take such steps as may be necessary to form a Democrat-Republican Party (to revive a name that was in use in this country a century ago), which would represent the predominant liberalism of our people. Over against such a progressive liberal party there would naturally be organized a distinctly radical party to which should go all those who now call themselves Democrats or Republicans but who are in reality neither.

One may question Mr. Butler's assumption of "the predominant liberalism of our people" for his proposed Democrat-Republican Party, but his call for reorganization on the basis of actual political and economic differences is wholly sound and salutary. Mr. Charles Nagel, Secretary of Commerce and Labor in President Taft's Cabinet, whose influence in the Middle West is notable, also contributes much to the discussion, observing:

> Both parties show signs of disintegration. Issues are obscured; party lines are fading; unquestioning party loyalty has been shaken. . . . We have a tariff compromise, a bonus fiasco, a ship-subsidy program with the position of both parties undefined. We have no party policy to govern our relations to Russia, to Mexico, to Haiti. Neither party takes a stand on the fundamental international principle involved in our treatment of private alien enemy property, on constitutional guaranties, or the release of war prisoners.

If the conservatives of the country are to be united in one party, as Nicholas Murray Butler urges, with what shall the progressives oppose it? We believe the opposition structure must rest fundamentally upon organized labor. It must, of course, have room for the farmer, the intellectual worker, and all liberal-minded persons irrespective of their membership in trade unions; but making all allowances for prejudice, ignorance, and selfishness within the ranks of organized labor as it now exists, it offers the best starting-point for a progressive political movement because of its proletarian viewpoint and personnel, the spread of its present organization over the country, and its discipline in united effort. Any movement sponsored primarily by liberal or radical intellectuals risks sterility because of their lack of a large following and their general indisposition to submit to the discipline necessary for cohesive action. But although a progressive political movement should rest primarily upon organized labor, there should be no immediate attempt at a single amalgamated party. English experience clearly suggests the strategic procedure for an American political labor movement: a federation in which various organizations retain their entity and principles, uniting in the support of common candidates at elections. Recent action by the Socialist Party, hitherto doctrinaire and sectarian, makes it possible for that group to take part in progressive movements upon such a basis. Outstanding national figures like Senators Borah and La Follette might be brought into such a federation. Yet any progressive political movement of the future must be based upon principle first and personality second. No political movement of any real permanence or value in this day can be based wholly on anything so transitory and accidental as a single individual, however prominent or inspiring. The platform must come first. The "leader" must stand upon it; it must not be measured and sawed to accommodate his stature.

There are multiplying signs not merely of a demand for a conservative Democrat-Republican Party but of a readiness in the ranks of organized labor to take the lead in a progressive opposition. Two years ago the initiative for the Farmer-Labor Party came chiefly from a small band of radical trade unionists whom the great mass of workers were unready to follow. But they have had some hard lessons since. They have been through a period of unemployment and a campaign to "deflate" labor and destroy unionism, in which the strength of the Democratic and Republican machines has been pitted shamelessly against them. Attorney General Daugherty's injunction against the railway strikers is the most recent and flagrant instance of a plainly class-conscious blow against unionism by a major political party. It would not be surprising if the Chicago injunction should prove to be a turning-point which would lead trade unionists generally to see the futility of Mr. Gompers's policy of indorsing "good men" put up by the two old parties—"good men" running on platforms in the making of which labor counts for nothing; "good men" standing alone amid interests and forces against which they are as effective as so many rain drops in the Desert of Sahara.

It is significant that at its convention last summer the International Typographical Union, one of the oldest and most conservative bodies in the American Federation of Labor, went on record for the formation of a political labor party. We believe that a similar demand is soon going to make itself articulate more or less generally among the constituent unions of the American Federation of Labor in spite of Mr. Gompers's policy to the contrary. Yes, we welcome Mr. Butler's proposed union of "stand-patters"; and we believe that there will not be lacking a progressive opposition with which to meet and overwhelm it.

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Fact-Finding *vs.* Fact-Using

THE Commission on the Coal Industry appointed by President Harding was the result not merely of the recent coal strike, or of the memories of former strikes, or of high prices and heatless days. It had become a political necessity because the public had become uneasily aware that, as Mr. Hoover put it, the coal industry was sick, and that the illness was chronic. The public wanted to know just what the disease was and what the cure. It was not ready to accept nationalization, or control by a governmental commission, or complete unionization, or union-smashing as an adequate remedy, and when Senator Borah suggested a fact-finding commission it had applauded without a dissenting voice. The Administration knew that whatever facts were necessary for a diagnosis must be had before the next convulsion; if not, the dominant political powers would be held responsible.

Thick volumes of facts about the coal industry have been on library shelves for years; there have been Congressional investigations, investigations by governmental commissions, reports to engineering societies. There are reports galore to show that wages are too low, that an unnecessarily large amount is added to the cost of coal somewhere between the mine and the consumer, that accidents are unnecessarily frequent, that many mining camps are feudal settlements where the Federal Constitution is unknown and unobserved, that work is so shockingly irregular that the miners' demand for a six-hour day and a five-day week was actually a demand for longer and more regular employment. Mr. Hoover's Commission on Elimination of Waste in Industry made a peculiarly savage attack upon the disorganization of the coal industry and suggested cooperative steps toward a solution. Yet nothing has been done. And it would be a mistake to think that now that the President has appointed a commission with a prominent engineer as its chairman the task is ended. The trouble has been not so much that we did not have a fair approximation of the facts essential to judgment as that in the face of the powerful interests which have a stake in the present disorganization of the industry no adequate policy has been adopted, no large objective has been set. The multitudinous and bare facts have done us no good. We need a commission with the ability and courage to recommend a policy and an objective, to marshal the facts so as to make them of public service. The present necessity is in part for fact-finding, but still more for fact-using.

It would be futile at this point to express regret that a somewhat different personnel was not chosen for the Commission. It includes able men—Judge Samuel Alschuler, of Chicago; Mr. George Otis Smith, of the United States Geological Survey; Dr. Edward Devine; Mr. John Hays Hammond. It deserves all possible cooperation, but those who hope for abiding results will remember that while Mr. Hammond is an able international engineer with an excellent technical equipment for the task in hand he has only occasionally shown signs of the social purposefulness which is indispensable for the development of a broad policy and an ample objective. His associations have been with the kind of men who instinctively hope that the investigation will develop nothing beyond a quiet gesture, another gray-covered unregarded report. If the Commission and the facts it presents obviously demand a greater result, strong pressure will certainly be brought to bear in favor of the sort of reorganization of the industry which will permit a merger and control by the larger coal interests similar to the control now exercised in the basic steel and oil-refining industries. Anything smacking of social purpose or ownership could be recommended only in the face of unrelenting opposition on the part of highly influential persons. We can only hope that Mr. Hammond will be won to the new point of view by the facts developed.

The temper of the present Administration is such as to make either the ineffective or the monopolistic policy fatally easy. Mr. Harding has demonstrated a fondness for vague political gestures which include five or six mutually incompatible intentions, for actions which bring no result and polysyllabic words that mean nothing. He sets out good-naturedly to please everybody and to leave things as they are; when this fails, as it must fail, his tendency is to break his promises to those who have least obstinacy and to give way to those who contribute the largest campaign funds. Mr. Hoover and his engineer friends seem to have diagnosed the coal industry wisely and well, but the Cabinet which contains Hoover also contains Daugherty, and behind Daugherty are the treasure box, the coal barons, and the hard-shelled railroad executives. What is likely to happen to any of Mr. Harding's intentions was demonstrated in his attempt to settle the railroad strike, which began with a moderate compromise proposal and ended with Mr. Daugherty's vicious legal assault on labor in the Wilkerson injunction, which is only made worse by his oratorical attempt at defense. Mr. Harding progressed from a feeble attempt at good-will to unconditional surrender to the industrial Bourbons of his party.

From Mr. Harding, then, Mr. Hammond can expect little help. If he is to persist in the difficult task of far-visioned solicitude for the common weal he must receive an alert support in bold measures and an unrelenting criticism in failures to develop a really significant analysis. Unfortunately his fellow-commissioners seem to lack the technical equipment, the vigor, and the vision to provide that support and criticism. Public pressure is as important now as it was in the campaign to obtain the Commission. Those who believe that it is possible to plan on a nation-wide scale for the scientific mining and distribution of coal must continue to insist that the effort be made. We have been through a period in which the chaos and utter failure of the coal industry, operated as private property, for private profit, has been dramatized. If the public lapses again into apathy, Mr. Hammond's report will be just one more report, to be filed away and forgotten.

Forms and the World

TOUGH-MINDED readers of recent poetry often complained that the verses, whether in free or regular rhythm, left no definite impression on their minds. The lyrics seemed to have no resolution and the reflective poems no point. This general sense of both emotional and intellectual vagueness comes to such readers, however, not only from recent poetry, but increasingly, too, from plays and novels—from the expressionistic drama and from that new fiction which, whether signed Kasimir Edschmid or Dorothy Richardson, is so uniform in its teasing flow toward no discoverable goal.

No aesthetic or historical considerations will, it is clear at once, explain or mend the apparent futility of this

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LAURA GOULD BALDWIN
MEMORIAL LIBRARY

growing body of literature. It comes from a deep source—from a fundamental despair, however blithe and colorful the surface, in man's power to order the world through the operations of his intelligence. All of these artists have fled into the self. In their extreme and perverse subjectivism they have sometimes, especially the painters, persuaded themselves that they can project what eye has not seen nor ear heard and that their rhythms and patterns are indeed additions to that world of which they themselves are a part.

The attitude described here is becoming pervasive. World-weary wiseacres of the new mode will tell you over the after-dinner coffee that any form of realism is *vieux jeu*, that art is a refuge from chaos, that a dainty and fantastic pattern in line or rhythm is worth all the epics and philosophies. Well, both the inner and the outer world does look more like chaos than like anything else. The mind of man does indeed, after all these ages, seem almost to have stopped functioning. Yet in this new subjectivism lies its own defeat. These artists must themselves emerge daily from that region of supposedly abstract forms and equally abstract moods and endure hunger and love and the tough interference of things. Subjective idealism still meets from life Dr. Johnson's silly but final refutation.

The "activist" group in Germany has come to the conclusion that art cannot, after all, disregard the world. These fighting expressionists have changed the command: Project the self, into another: Wreak the self upon the world. Recreate this universe which is unworthy of us. Then there will be peace, man will be good, the visible will be the beautiful. They have written some superb lyrics. Their plays and novels are as vague and obscure as those of the non-activists.

In all this there is a misunderstanding of elementary facts, a failure to grasp elementary and necessary concepts. Form in art is an organon, an instrument, a tool. It is analogous to the syllogism in one order of things, to the plow in another. It is infinitely richer and subtler. Its function is the same: to penetrate, isolate, render intelligible substance—fragments of reality. Thus the apparently ungovernable world is to be gradually subjected to the rule of the soul and of the mind. Despair of this end is intelligible. But there is from the very nature of things no other. The most violent expressionist only projects what he has first absorbed, without which he would be empty of anything to express.

In America the danger of this tendency has so far touched our verse mainly. It is beginning, in "devastating" work like that of Mr. Ben Hecht and in eccentric periodicals edited by the would-be esoteric, to assail our prose. Its spread would not be astonishing. Those critics and writers among us who stand for form and order stand stubbornly for outworn forms and a decaying order. Hence it is the imperative task of another type of critical intelligence to point out that form and order are the necessary and eternal means whereby the creative vision masters the world but to admit at once that the search for new forms and for a new order is the soul of a living literature. To attempt to abstract form from substance, however, to abandon the intellect, to withdraw from the world into a falsely cloistered self is to give up not only art but that struggle to humanize both the world and life of which art is only a single, though an immortal and resplendent, phase.

A New American Queen

A NEW queen has just begun to reign in America. Her ascent of the throne was noted only on the inside pages of the metropolitan newspapers, which at the time were occupied with affairs in the Near East, the World Series, and several unsolved murder cases. Even without such excuses it is doubtful if more than grudging attention would have been paid to the arrival of the new monarch. Yet when her predecessor was crowned at Memphis, Tennessee, nearly twenty years ago the press blared forth the details under its largest headlines, and all America took notice.

The ceremonies connected with the crowning of the new queen were simple and occupied only 1 minute 58¼ seconds. The exact time is important, for if the rites had taken one-quarter of a second longer the crown would have been taken back to a safe-deposit vault, and the stairs to the throne would have been barred to the aspirant. But Nedda's swift feet clattered down the home stretch of the mile track at Lexington, Kentucky, a quarter of a second faster than any lady horse known to history had ever trotted that distance before, and as she went under the wire she succeeded to the honor previously held by the great Lou Dillon and still earlier by the now almost fabulous Maud S.

Ave, Nedda, Queen of Trotters! With your strong young lungs and sinewy legs flashing like lightning through the dust of the last quarter of a mile you have won the right in the heyday of your powers to a pedestal around which are glorious traditions and a history that is especially American. For the trotting horse, as contrasted with the running horse, is preeminently a national product—indeed, a national institution. Running horses are bred the world over, but it is in America that the trotting horse has had its superlative development, leading to the fine race of roadsters and the useful "family" horses that played so important a role in this country of magnificent distances until the age of gasoline turned our stables into garages. Running horses in America are bred by a few rich men and are taken around a small circuit of tracks near the big cities, where their performances are watched by a small number of sophisticated town-dwellers and are soiled by the commercialism of bookmaking. Trotting horses, on the other hand, are associated with that other great American institution, the county fair, and their performances have thrilled thousands of Americans who look back to a rural boyhood. The rhythmic click-clack of horses' hoofs still beats in memory, and recollections of races viewed through clouds of dust from torrid grandstands crowd in with remembrances of mammoth tomatoes, rows of home-made jam, and tubs of tantalizing pink lemonade.

But alas for county fairs and nineteenth-century boyhoods! The iron horse has crowded the trotting horse from the road. Even while Nedda with palpitating nostril and quivering flank was straining through the home stretch after that fateful quarter of a second, an iron horse—with lungs of fire and thighs of steel—was chugging insolently beside her throne; and the youth of the twentieth century, oblivious to the shattering of a great world's record, were talking of miles per gallon and the usefulness of snubbers.

Ave, Nedda, Queen of Trotters! We, the ghosts of county fairs, we, the memories of childhoods passed playing around the trustworthy legs of a "family" horse, we, the traditions and the customs that are about to die, salute you!

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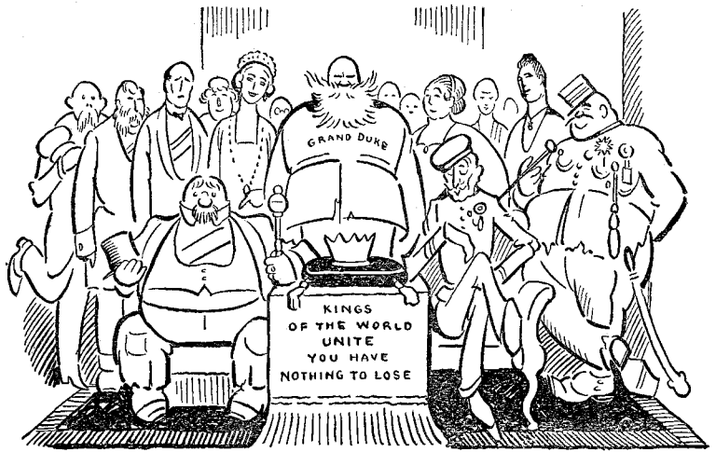
Looking On ∴ *by* Art Young

HERE'S OURS

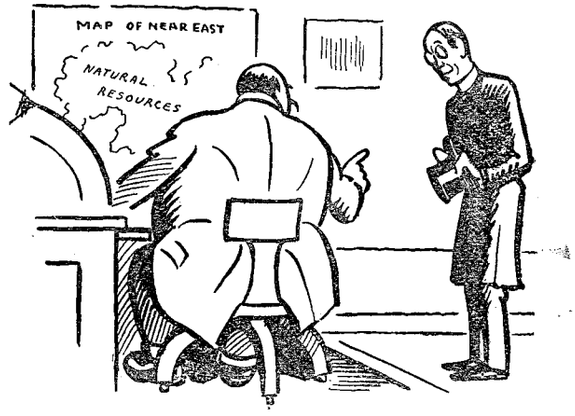
Conforming to the request of the New York State Chamber of Commerce that everybody submit to thumb printing.



MONARCHISTS FORM AN INTERNATIONAL

Sixty monarchist delegates met at Munich September 15 to form a permanent organization.

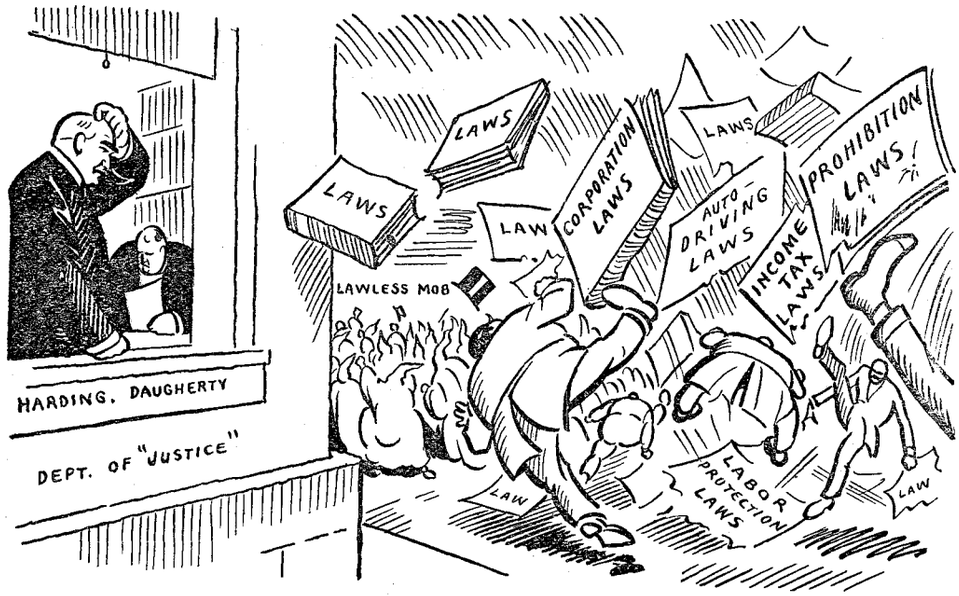
FIVE YEARS OLD



NOT PEACE BUT A SWORD

Financial Interests: "Now remember! If we have another, I'll depend on you to make it a very holy war."

Minister: "Yes, Sir, I'll do my best, Sir."



WANTED—LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS

Daugherty: "Somebody ought to obey the law. It looks bad."

Harding: "I have an idea, Harry; I'll pardon a few I. W. W.s if they will agree to obey the law."

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The Economic Situation in Great Britain

By J. A. HOBSON

London, October 1

IN business and financial quarters there is a pretty general belief that Great Britain is beginning to rise out of the deep trade depression of the last two years. That belief is based upon contributory evidence from many sources. Foremost stands the fact that wholesale prices appear to have touched bottom at the beginning of this year and (in spite of a slight drop in August) to be steady on the new low level, while retail prices are reluctantly but surely following. This appears to signify that the glut of 1920 has been nearly worked off in the markets, and that business men are looking to some immediate expansion of sales at prices which will begin to rise. Here is not merely a psychological but an industrial change. For the productive activity has already begun, though not yet general or very confident. Recent commercial surveys show that the tone of trade reports is a little more cheerful in most centers, though, taken in general, trade is still bad. Cotton, our great export trade, is very weak, and is balloting on the question of a four-day week. Other textiles are improving very slightly, both in employment and prices. The same has been true of some branches of the iron, steel, and engineering trades, though the spurt here is probably due mostly to the temporary buying from America, as also is the boom in our export coal trade. On the whole, however, the constructive industries, with the notable exception of shipbuilding (still in deep depression), are a little stronger, the best index of an expected general trade revival. But how far and how fast that revival is going nobody can confidently predict, in the face of so many dangerous situations in the world and so many changes of trade courses.

Banking and stock-exchange statistics throw no clear light upon the situation, partly because of the unprecedented complexity of finance, partly because money changes are poor indices of economic facts, partly because politics are constantly intruding upon commercial finance, in the shape of government borrowing, shifting of public securities, etc.

There are, however, one or two significant movements on the monetary side, notably the large reduction of money on deposit. The total of deposits at our nine great joint-stock banks has fallen by the amount of £67,000,000 in the last two months, £140,000,000 since January. This decline is balanced by a decrease of banking business, mainly in discounting bills, but also in loans and advances. Partly, no doubt, this merely signifies that, with falls in retail prices still continuing, much business is done at a lower level. But it also means that, as prospects are a little brighter, business men are letting less money lie on deposit, and are investing more freely on their own account, either in the new Treasury bonds or in other securities.

But though the Stock Exchange has recently shown more activity, and a number of new companies, or new issues of old companies, have been fairly received, it cannot be said that there is here any strong evidence of a coming full revival. Though, as we see, many internal evidences are slightly favorable, dark clouds in the external horizon are constantly arising to unsettle our trade, so largely dependent on foreign markets. It must always be kept in mind that, before the war, at least one-third of our material product of industry was destined for overseas markets. If we are to live henceforth upon anything like the pre-war level we must enlarge both our total product and our export trade, in order that we may pay, by means of the latter, for the imports that no longer come as interest on the large amount of foreign investments we "blew" in the Great War. Now our present productivity is considerably below the pre-war level. This is best attested by the large amount of unemployment of labor and the corresponding idleness of plants. Though the high-water level of unemployment, about 20 per cent, has now fallen to 14.4 per cent, at the end of August, the improvement is both slight and slow. It is not too much to say that the problem of a million and a half unemployed grows graver every month, and that unless a marked improvement takes place soon the coming winter is likely to be one of the most miserable and dangerous in modern times. Hitherto the enforced leisure has been borne far more easily than was anticipated when the depression broke on us two years ago. The failure of regular earnings has been partly compensated by various contributions. The recent Unemployment Insurance Acts have thrown upon the several trades a large obligation to provide unemployed pay for considerable periods of time out of funds subscribed by employer and worker, with a state supplement. War pensions for disabled soldiers (amounting to £90,000,000 per annum) mainly go as additions to working-class family incomes. Six years of relatively high wages with full employment had yielded considerable amounts of working-class savings, largely spent during the past two years of depression. Last, not least, poor-law provision has been made available in out-relief upon a scale of unprecedented magnitude. The enormous increase of local rates on property, due to this last expenditure, is a burning question in our politics. Hitherto the prevailing poor-law policy has refused relief except on workhouse tests to outdoor paupers, and where work has been provided it has been for wages definitely and purposely below the standard rate. Under the pressure of the present unemployment these qualifications have been scrapped, and reckless or tender-hearted boards of guardians have provided relief upon a scale, based on the size of the dependent family, which sometimes exceeds £4 a week, a considerably larger sum than the regular earnings of a fully employed male worker. This policy is, of course, excessively demoralizing, and so costly that it has reduced some towns to virtual bankruptcy. So the finance of local government follows the reckless example of the central government, by a sort of secret sympathy with laxness.

This profusion of public expenditure has up to now bought off dangerous discontent. But there are signs of its exhaustion, and, standing on the brink of winter, we cannot view the prospect without grave alarm. Should the favorable turn of trade continue, and the volume of employment grow with fair rapidity, the trouble may be averted. But this involves a quick and a substantial improvement both of our home and of our foreign markets. Of this double and related progress evidence as yet is

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wanting. Business men, supported by some economists, have insisted that a reduction of money, and even of real wages would initiate a boom, arguing upon the false assumption that a fall in cost of production must force a corresponding expansion of markets. This theory has led to a wholesale attack on trade-union standards, and a temporary victory has been won by capital. Considerable reductions in wages have everywhere been made. The latest official statistics show that since the beginning of this year the reduction amounts to about £3,600,000 per week for the 7,500,000 workers who come under this survey. If we raise this sum to £5,000,000 per week to cover the entire body of wage-earners it would indicate a fall of working-class annual income amounting to over £250,000,000. This loss, in its bearing upon working-class expenditure, has, as we see, been compensated hitherto in considerable part out of taxes, rates, and deductions from employers' profits and the wages of employed workers. But all these exactions reduce the purchasing power of those who pay them. The upshot is that the lowered income of the workers carries with it the necessary implication of lowered demand in the home market, unless prices consistently fall with wages, which is by no means always the case. But, even if they do, and wage reductions do not reduce real wages, at any rate they do not enable the worker to stimulate industry by any enhanced demand for commodities. Wage reduction, specious as it seems, does not really help to set the wheels of industry a-going. Of course, it may be said that low consumption by our own population is the necessary condition for that large export trade required to recuperate from war waste, and incidentally to pay our debts to America. We must live poor at home, for a time at any rate, so as to recover our lost foreign trade and effect new foreign investments to replace those we have had to sacrifice! Now, if low wages meant that low costs were enabling us to make such extension of our overseas markets as to keep our capital and labor in full employment, the attack on wages might seem justified. Even the workers might acquiesce for a time in reduced pay, provided it brought full employment. But our attempt to copy in some qualified way the sweating economy to which monetary troubles and external pressure have brought many German trades, has not succeeded in restoring our pre-war foreign trade. Some improvement, indeed, has taken place this year, as the following official figures indicate:

EIGHT MONTHS ENDING AUGUST, 1922, COMPARED WITH THE SAME PERIOD OF 1921

Imports	£651,661,405	—£89,147,099	—12 per cent
Exports	£472,212,668	+£ 8,798,935	+ 1 per cent
Reexports	£ 71,492,083	+£ 2,447,059	+3.5 per cent
Total exports..	£543,704,751	+£11,245,994	+2.1 per cent

When this table is interpreted in the light of the fall of prices the amount of export goods shows up better, while the analysis of the character of our import trade shows that in recent months an increasing proportion takes the form of raw materials, destined later on to swell our exports. But the total volume of our foreign trade still lags far behind our industrial capacity, and a large portion of our mercantile marine is still lying up in idleness. Peace and security in Europe, with some reasonable prospect of an early return to monetary stability, is of course essential to real recovery, and of such sane settlement there seems as yet no clear prospect. The continual postponement of any practicable policy on reparations, together with the recrudescence of trouble in the Near East, has reduced to negligible size some of our formerly most valuable markets. Everywhere high-tariff walls obstruct the free flow of commerce, and our own new experiment in protection, though it has not as yet gone far, threatens further depredations upon our free-trade economy, unless the Government is overthrown at the general election which must come within the next twelve months. The Urquhart deal with the Russian Government is the one bright spot on the European horizon. Of considerable importance in itself, it is of immense significance as a presage of a saner mind in Russia and here for the economic development of the vast latent resources controlled by the Soviet Government. Everyone, save a few heated politicians, is anxious to establish trade relations on a secure footing with as little regard as possible to political divisions. Productivity and peaceful cooperation between capital and labor are only possible if drastic revisions of the peace treaties, especially in their economic bearings, can be obtained before we drift into some new large war or into a political-financial chaos worse, perhaps, than war itself.

English opinion is not, however, pessimistic; our confidence in our ability to "muddle through" still remains unbroken. If we can get through the coming winter without any great industrial conflict, and can manage the difficult task of making both ends meet on next April's budget, we shall be satisfied. The detailed statement of the public finance of last year, just published, seems to show how this last problem may be solved, assuming some moderate revival of trade and of prices. In the first place, it discloses, under the head of "miscellaneous receipts," a sum of nearly £200,000,000. Though most of this, derived from sales of war stores, will not be available next year, there are repayments of war loans on the part of Allies and dominions amounting to £15,000,000, which indicate a possible further source of income. From the Reparation Commission and sale of German ships and dyestuffs, together with payments under the Reparation Recovery Act, some £43,000,000 were obtained, though most of this will have been expended on our troops in the occupied areas. Again, on the expenditure side, some not inconsiderable reduction in the service of the debt was obtained by a lower cost of interest on Treasury bills. Some other minor, but not negligible, economies, in the payment of interest and capital of war borrowings, may be expected to mature next year. Meanwhile the announcement that our indebtedness to America was reduced last year by nearly £12,000,000, owing to the conversion of dollar bonds into national war bonds, came as a welcome surprise, though it must be borne in mind that it was more than offset by last year's unpaid interest on the body of the loan. In one way and another it may be expected that the Government (unless electing to dissolve before) will be able to produce a specious balance sheet, without increased taxation. That is, however, upon one condition, viz., that some substantial revival of trade is visible, justifying the expectation of larger receipts from customs, excise, and other sources that respond quickly to improving trade and rising values.

Extracts from Paxton Hibben's unpublished report on his investigations of Russia in 1922 for the American Committee for the Relief of Russian Children will be published in the International Relations Section of The Nation *next week. The 1921 report of Mr. Hibben's Russian Committee of the Near East Relief can be obtained from* The Nation *at 15 cents a copy.*

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These United States—XV*

MICHIGAN: The Fordizing of a Pleasant Peninsula

By LEONARD LANSON CLINE

ON the great seal of the State of Michigan, under the woodsy emblems of elk and moose and sunrise over the water, is the legend "Si quaeris peninsulam amoenam, circumspice." If you seek a pleasant peninsula, look about you. There is something pastoral, Arcadian, daisy-and-cress about it. It chimes a gentle angelus. It smells of warm milk in the pail, of new hay in the loft. And one can fairly see the Michigander, sturdy and kindly rustic, standing bare-headed at his hospitable threshold, gazing with a smile of pure and simple content at the hills and flashing lakes and meadows brimming with toadflax and browneyed-Susans.

Actually, it is with quite different sentiments that the Michigander looks about him. If he is a farmer he glooms at his fields, wondering why the devil his son, who has gone to Detroit to work in the factory, doesn't write, and where in hell he can get help for the harvest. If he is a salesman he grins with glee at the billboards stuck up in front of pleasant views wherever paved highways lead; and then, driving on, he ponders whether to go to Yellowstone for his vacation or to Atlantic City. If he is a mechanic he never looks about him at all unless he is on his back under the hood of the car.

Some day some convention of salesmen will agree to a much more appropriate coat-of-arms for the new Michigan. It will picture the lean cheeks and the death's-head smile of Henry Ford, in the halo of a spare tire, flanked by chimneys and flivvers on a ground of soot. Underneath, in place of the stately Latin, will be inscribed the more salesmanlike legend: Always in the Lead.

And yet, Michigan is a pleasant peninsula, or peninsulas, for there are two of them—the only State in the Union boasting a spare part. It is a land of undulating hills, spendthrift in wild-flowers. Save for desolate stretches of cut-over timber land trees abound. On the east lies Huron, on the west Michigan with its yellow dunes, and on the north Superior—blue waters, cold and beautiful. Inland along the courses of many streams are little lakes and ponds estimated at from five thousand to fifteen thousand in number. The older residents love Michigan for these things, but the new find reinforced concrete more gratifying to their eyes; and the new constitute the State.

Before them, in the latter part of the last century, Michigan stood for nothing. It was at the end of its frontier period, with the first impulse wasted and animation low. In 1820 there were less than nine thousand persons in the State. Timber in the Lower Peninsula, copper and iron in the Upper, started an avalanche of immigration. When the forests soon gave out, those with transportation in their pockets departed, leaving a dozen cretinoid towns huddling around the ruins of their mills, gaping dully at the stumps and naked hills. In 1900 Michigan had a population of 2,420,982, of which more than one-fifth was of alien birth, including large settlements of Poles, Scandinavians, Finns, Germans, Dutch, French, and Italians—in short, a typically American mid-Western State in respect to its foreign-born. The Michiganders were a people without identity, without community of purpose or past, without tradition.

Then Ford.

In twenty years the population swelled to 3,668,412, the increase being almost wholly in the southern cities. Detroit became four times as large as it had been, Lansing four times, Flint eight times. And Michigan is coming to stand for something: mechanics, factory methods, salesmanship, in life as in business, for the two are one.

The Fordizing of the State is not yet complete. Toward the north there is a great deal of bitterness, not unmingled with envy, at the growing domination of Detroit. Nevertheless the thrill of new vigor shoots into every flaccid limb of Michigan. Highways poke like scalpels into the moribund towns of the timber district, and leave garages like new thyroids to give alacrity and bustle. As you come south the cities more and more take on an air of newness, of hardness, of thin varnish, faking up what passes for prettiness, lending themselves to the salesman's glib rehearsal of modern improvements. In Detroit at last you find the consummation of the salesman's ideal.

In the residence districts there are block after block of two- and four-family flats, as alike, as cheap, as ephemeral, as quantitatively produced as the Ford to which they owe their presence. Each has its skimping lawn in front, its back-yard with clothes-lines strung from the stoop of the house to the bleak little flivver-sized garage on the alley. Each is shinily decorated, equipped with laundry chutes, toilet extras, French doors, glued-on ceiling beams in the dining-rooms, gaudily painted glass chandeliers suspended by brass or nickel chains, and built-in bookcases that serve as depositories for anything but books. These dwellings satisfy Detroiters because their desire is not to find something different, but something just like So-and-So's. And what difference does it make that in the winter a stiff gust may blow the carpets from the floors, or that in summer a drenching rain may loosen the ceiling, or that the prepossessing big brick hearth won't draw, or has been built without any means of removing ashes? In the spring one sells one's house and buys another. These places are built not to be lived in, but to be sold. Good salesmanlike dwellings.

In matters of government modern factory methods have been applied generally. The new Detroit quickly adopted a new charter. It replaced the old 42-man council with one of nine members. The old council had at least a sense of humor. The new is grim, sacrosanct, with a Sunday-school tidiness in its habits, but not appreciably more honest or more efficient. The Detroit Citizens' League brought in a crew of energetic young men who have been several years now modernizing the city departments. In spite of a dis-

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This is the fifteenth article in the series entitled These United States. The first was on the State of Kansas by William Allen White (April 19), the second on Maryland by H. L. Mencken (May 3), the third on Mississippi by Beulah Amidon Ratliff (May 17), the fourth on Vermont by Dorothy Canfield Fisher (May 31), the fifth on New Jersey by Edmund Wilson, Jr. (June 14), the sixth on Utah by Murray E. King (June 28), the seventh on South Carolina by Ludwig Lewisohn (July 12), the eighth on Nevada by Anne Martin (July 26), the ninth on Ohio by Sherwood Anderson (August 9), the tenth on Maine by Robert Herrick (August 23), the eleventh on Delaware by Arthur Warner (September 6), the twelfth on Tennessee by E. E. Miller (September 20), the thirteenth on California by George P. West (October 4), and the fourteenth on Wisconsin by Zona Gale (October 18).

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play of innocent political energy closely modeled after Henry's own, the millennium is still bashful.

A new municipal court has been created, and deals rapidly and severely with such miscreants as the excellently organized police can catch. The juries here are no longer random affairs; the panels are chosen from a select list of the ministers, the leading salesmen, the eminent figures of the community. Detroit is proud of the long sentences given its criminals and the proportion of convictions in the total number of arrests. Yet in spite of so many ways to discourage it, banditry slugs its dozen a day, at noon or at midnight. Banditry is particularly bold in Detroit. Naturally the salesmanship ideals here gleam most splendidly and lure one most temptingly to steal. One must wear silk stockings and drive a big car; one must build one's chimneys as high as Ford's, whether for patented roller-bearings or blackjacks; one must satisfy that craving which originates in the habit-forming narcotic of fifty miles an hour.

While the noonday bandits are hunting down paymasters and shooting bank clerks, the dining-rooms in the hotels are serving cheap collations to the rotary clubs, the lion clubs, the exchange clubs, the conventions and confraternities of salesmen that serve Detroit's noblest purposes. The Elks are gathering in their imposing new home for the business men's lunch, gobbled between snappy rehearsals of new tricks to catch prospects. And the workmen in an enormous pit are laying the foundations of the new Masonic temple, to be built at the cost of millions of dollars, probably the most grandiose temple of the bib-and-tucker brotherhood in the world.

No doubt about it, Detroit is coming to be a city sweet to the eye and satisfying to the intelligence of the salesmen and mechanics who inhabit it. Sublimated peddlers, "get-it-across" advertising men, and other hundredpercenters look on their work with a smile of perfect admiration. Proper credit is also due the real-estate agent swaggering in the glory of his new title of realtor, proud of the miles of pleasant woodland he has turned into "subdivisions" with sidewalks and lamp posts but no water, trees, or houses. Salesmanship it is that makes the prospect visualize a "home" in this "development" for so much down and so much a month.

And if one of these boosters is selling you his city, he may ask you, after dinner, whether you like music. "Don't think our city hasn't got anything but factories," he says. "If you're a highbrow you can find lots in your line. We got the best orchestra in the world, with this . . . now . . . Gabrilosky for conductor. We got an art museum owned by the city. We got the most beautiful public library in the world. Say, let's take in a concert!" And with a guffaw and a clump on the back he hauls you off to Orchestra Hall.

Detroit really has a remarkable collection of paintings, old masters as well as new, and ground for an imposing museum is being broken on a site across Woodward Avenue from the Library. Its Orchestra has its own auditorium, one of the most charming in the country. But these things are the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual salesmanship. They are a gesture, like the carnation on Mother's day in the buttonhole of the man who has not written home for twelve years. The Art Museum and the bulk of its collections were given to the city. A few thousand dollars are appropriated every year for acquisitions. But in order to get the money it is necessary to argue that pictures increase in value and are most profitable investments. The Orchestra has a deficit every year, and the public is asked to subscribe because as the jazz-adoring salesman tells you it will be a wonderful advertisement for the city. It is a fact that if Gabrilówitsch played the music his patrons beseech him to play his programs would be choked with Tostigoodbyes.

As for the Library—the luxurious new building is displayed to visitors—but its staff so far hasn't had much success in selling a taste for books to the natives. Detroit is the worst book market among all our cities of anywhere near its size. Good publishers will not advertise in the local papers because they sell no books. Detroit reads Eddie Guest.

Eddie Guest, the great intellectual product of the new Michigan! No doubt about the sincerity of that acclaim. He is extolled again every week as poet laureate of the State. His poems are taught in the public schools seriously as literature. He has proved his salesmanship by collecting the leavings of the bonbon bacchanalia of Eugene Field and peddling them. Detroit loves him not only for his sentimentalism but for his success and the way he can turn off four or five stanzas every day of his life. Henry Ford, too, stands as one of the great philosophic forces of the new Michigan. After the disaster of the peace ship this hommedieu got him a new Rosinante in the *Dearborn Independent*, and tilts weekly at wind-mills, routs flocks of sheep, and otherwise advances the cause of salesmanship. "It's like Bryan's *Commoner*," sighed a melancholy dissident; "only commoner."

After them come the diplomats: the Ambassador to Japan, who has served as Republican sales manager in Michigan and enjoyed some success; the Secretary of the Navy, a lay figure; the junior Senator, Mr. Newberry, who demonstrated his salesmanship recently in a most convincing way.

There is another prophet in Michigan whom the community has come to regard all the more highly since a sixteen-story building bearing his name was put up. He is a five-and-ten-cent-store magnate, and naturally a violent prohibitionist; Commissioner Haynes named him as national head of the league for spy service in the homes of friends. Not long since the papers printed a little story touching upon this man. Some unfortunate had been arrested for shoplifting in his five-and-ten-cent store. It turned out he had swiped some whiskey glasses. This was eminently good salesmanship. It was about as good as that of the other leading Michigander who generously volunteered to lend some of his mummichog underlings to swell the numbers in an august patriotic parade, to make the parade bigger. He supplied them with banners advertising not the serious matter being commemorated but his own private business. Just what the occasion was has slipped my mind; I think now it was in token of respect for Michigan's dead in the war. But the memory of those dairy ads is as clear as yesterday.

The nearest thing to the sublime in Michigan is the Ford factory. See it at dusk some October afternoon, from a distance away, a vast squat looming monster, glinting a shrill blue light from its windows into the shadows, jibbering, ominous. Out of the tall chimneys drifts black smoke. It smuts one's nose and collar, and the soot of it cakes over one's imagination and is too heavy for wings.

In its glooms and glares the young Michigander labors and plays. He plays hard, and drinks his whiskey without a chaser. The national prohibition commissioner has declared Detroit one of the driest cities in the country. That

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shows only what a good salesman of prohibition he is; for Detroit is saturated. Or perhaps he has been deceived by the seeming of sobriety in the new Michiganders. They go to church dutifully, and listen to panting harangues against rum, by salesmanlike ministers who have carried out the Coney Island idea in religious advertising to remarkable perfection, adorning the house of the Lord with illuminated revolving crosses and other kewpie bangles. Once, when an Episcopalian minister ventured to express a belief that wine was not entirely evil, his brothers of the cloth were permitted to heap on him the vilest abuse, with hardly a single voice lifted in his defense. After church, however, the new Detroit goes home to bottle its last brew. It has given numerous members to the society against the prohibition amendment, but not one of the wealthier topers has been willing to let his name be used as local head of it. In New York and Philadelphia there were men courageous enough to be leaders. The big men of Detroit have been quite candid in their refusals. It would hurt their business. It would be bad salesmanship.

Anything for a sale. Success is indicated in the one maxim, Never let go of a prospect. The young business man is the most agreeable person in the world, in your company. Though your hobby be Sanskrit, philately, billiards, whiskey, or venery—the demijohn or the demijane—he will learn it. He defers to your opinion with unctuous eagerness, and offers himself to do valet service for your spinster cousins. You find him in your church Sundays, seeking the prominence of the front seat and bawling his hosannas. One of them boasted to me that it took him a year once to land a sale. But he cheerfully wallowed in the dirt his prospect was soaked in, and put the deal across. Then he was ready to change his religion, with conscience serene, to that of another.

Sunday afternoons Detroit gets in its car and goes riding. The car whenever possible is not a Ford. That would not be big enough for the salesman. His idea is to sell Fords and ride in a Packard. And on his Sabbath outings he drives fast, taking the same straight, flat roads week after week, the roads everybody else takes. When he gets home he squints at the speedometer to see if he has had a good time; how many miles has he traveled?

The population of Michigan has doubled in the past twenty-five years, but you perceive little difference in the beautiful northern lake districts, the wooded shores of Lake Huron, the solitudes of the dune country along Lake Michigan, with its living pictures exquisite as the most sensitive Japanese print. It was my pleasure to spend seven summers on Portage Lake, and in that time the only new cottages were put up by visitors from Illinois, Wisconsin, Ohio, even New York City. Yet the Long Island shores hardly offer more than does Portage Lake. Railroad communications with these northern places are little more developed than they were before the boom. Recently the Detroit & Cleveland Navigation Company announced the suspension of its summer steamship to historic old Mackinaw Island, at the head of Lake Michigan. I am not sure that the line actually was suspended, but certainly it has not prospered. And yet twenty years ago there was plenty of traffic on these boats, northbound from Detroit. The pleasantness of Michigan is virtually ignored today. But what can one expect? When the salesman goes vacationing he wants a boardwalk, a dance hall, a roller-coaster, and a brass band, something big, loud, and gaudy.

From a high place—from the colossal new General Motors Building, an Acropolis of salesmanship; from one of the towering structures that are beginning to loom up from the ruins of old mansions above the trees of Washington Avenue and Grand Circus Park—one can almost see Ann Arbor, thirty-five miles away. The Blackman of the new Michigan, that jigs in the wind every morning on the top of Henry Ford's chimney, looks about him and sees it. Sometimes he points that way, with an empty gesture.

Here Michigan plays its sweetest charms. The little city basks on its hills, under its elms and oaks. The Huron River, most gracious stream, curves past, slipping through a park-like country for miles. There is no Niagara here, nothing to make one gasp, but a delicacy and intimacy and loveliness that one returns to always with a gentle exaltation and thrill of release. Here stands the University of Michigan.

The State has not been ungenerous with its appropriations. The last legislature set aside several millions for the expansion and improvement of an already excellently equipped institution. Some big men are on the faculty. But the liberal minds of Michigan are subject to nightmares. If the Blackman sees what they are up to, they get fired. For the university, controlled largely by the same interests that put Truman Newberry in the Senate, is administered by an elected board of regents who are therefore the jumping jacks of triumphant Republicanism. Salesmanship reigns. Courses in business administration are being built up at the expense of courses in intelligence and feeling. One learns at Ann Arbor to judge one's aspirations by the way they jingle.

Not many years ago the editor of the campus paper prepared a series of stories showing unsanitary conditions in the water supply. These the authorities would not permit him to print. Their argument was, as he reported it, that the stories might scare prospective students away from the university. They might hurt sales.

Only from time to time a few of the young people in this great university bolt their classes in economics and salesmanship and learn greater verities out in the pleasant hills of Michigan. They are scolded in the classroom and sneered at on the campus. They are not invited to Detroit as guests of the alumni club, which brings in football coaches and players to make speeches, and undertakes as its principal object to get good high-school half-backs to matriculate at Ann Arbor. They are not enough to give the University of Michigan any tradition at all of literature or art or idealism, or anything but salesmanship and business ability.

In the past the university won fame by her football team and her College of Dentistry. For the present, as is quite appropriate in the university of the new Michigan, she seems content to produce more mechanics and salesmen.

The bachelors and masters of arts from Ann Arbor will sell other people things they themselves would not use. They will get rich, and build big houses which they will decorate with dried starfish and souvenir gewgaws from summer excursions. They will continue to thrill over the *Saturday Evening Post*, and believe the sumach a weed, beauty a pinwheel. And whenever they pass the Jim Scott Memorial Fountain they will pause to admire.

This, the most costly, most magnificent, most prominently situated memorial in Michigan, is being slowly constructed at the foot of Belle Isle, that beautiful park lying in the middle of the Detroit River. Seventy-five acres is being

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reclaimed from the stream. There will be a great basin 1,200 feet in length, filled with leaping jets of water. Over it will soar a white shaft, dominating all the waterfront of Detroit, saluting every ship that enters the harbor.

And who was Jim Scott? A man who made some money, and died, bequeathing to Detroit the sum of $500,000 on condition that it be used to erect a monument to his memory. A few voices shrieked in protest, crying that Jim Scott had never done anything people wanted to remember, that he knew perhaps too well the distinction between a straight flush and two pairs, that beside this Jim Scott project camembert would have no odor but a faint fragrance of lilies. But Michigan, the new Michigan, was staggered by the bigness of $500,000. It accepted the bequest.

Jim Scott never bothered about his fellow-men when he was alive. On his deathbed he thought it was time. And he sold himself to them. Around his monument for years and years to come the Sabaoth of Michiganders will shuffle, gawking, and they will ponder here the great lesson of salesmanship.

The Fair at Nizhni Novgorod

By PAXTON HIBBEN

Nizhni Novgorod, August 21

IT is not in the least a Fair in the sense that Western Europe and the United States have been in the habit of using the term, as in the case of the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, or the Paris Exposition. It is precisely what its Russianized German name implies—Yarmark, an annual market-place, like any weekly market of a Sunday, anywhere in Russia, only on a larger scale. People do not come to Nizhni to see new things or to be entertained, but to buy and sell. There is very little to see at the Nizhni Fair, but much to buy if one have a mind to.

Two things make the Yarmark of 1922 remarkable: that it is held at all in impoverished Russia, at the end of a terrific famine—indeed, the famine has not really ended; and that it is the first Yarmark in Russia since the revolution—a milestone indeed on Russia's journey back from the land of communistic dreams to the world of fact. It does not in the slightest indicate that the Russian people have tired of, or the Bolsheviki foresworn, communism. The Russian people have never had any real communism to tire of, and the Soviet Government has merely admitted again what Lenin frankly declared over a year ago, namely, that an isolated communism in the midst of a hostile capitalistic world is not at present feasible. Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hoover have been asking guaranties that the Soviet Government has abandoned its intransigence toward private ownership of property and freedom of trade. Let them visit Nizhni Novgorod. Here is a guaranty as solid as a church wedding, for all the world, not only outside of Russia but within as well, has been called to witness the renunciation.

Mr. Lloyd George is, I think, the only statesman who has realized that the Communist Party is, in the final analysis, not the dictator but the tool of the Russian masses, and that the policy it has followed has been the expedient rather than the doctrinaire. It offered the Russian people its own conception of an ideal economic life, but, finding that conception received with a suspicion perhaps bred of ignorance of its purport but none the less real, the Communist Party changed its front, not because President Poincaré or Mr. Hughes wished it, but because the great mass of the Russian people were not, in fact, ready for communism. It was not simple to bring home the fact that a new era had begun. Russia is made up of hundreds of thousands of more or less isolated villages to which news of this sort penetrates with difficulty. One could scarcely expect the Communists to go about the land preaching the New Economic Policy as they had gone about preaching communism, and those who had grasped the opportunity were too busy making money out of it to waste time in discussing the theory of reopened trade. The full meaning of the altered economic basis of Russian life must be brought home to the Russian peasant by some striking method at once simple enough not to be misunderstood and sufficiently general to reach not only the Russians but those autonomous states to the East and South, formerly part of the Russian Empire, whose political and economic life has been frequently a somewhat distorted reflection of the course followed at Moscow.

And this is where the Yarmark of Nizhni Novgorod came in. It had not been held since the revolution, not just because Russia was in the throes of civil war or the country impoverished, but because it had been against the law to buy and sell. If now the Soviet Government itself were to reopen the ancient Fair and lead the way in buying and selling, where all who came in response to the wide advertising given the Yarmark might with their own eyes see the New Economic Policy in operation, the trick would be turned. And this the more so as the Yarmark is a national institution in a sense in which no other market or exposition in the world is national. Our own national expositions are merely temporary and artificial affairs in comparison, here one year and there the next, like an annual convention of the Knights of Pythias. Not so the Nizhni Yarmark. It is more in the nature of one of our State Fairs, with permanent buildings and a fixed time for holding it, as well as a tradition of four and a half centuries behind it.

For, in the beginning, it was one of the potent elements in bringing Russia into homogeneity, by effecting an introduction, if you please, between the Russians of Susdal and those of Kiev, and later between the Russians of Muscovy and the Cossacks of the Don, and still later between the Russians of Petrograd and the Poles of Warsaw and the Turkomans of Tashkent. Ivan III, "the Uniter of Russia," knew very well what he was about when, after taking Kazan from the Tartars in 1487, he established there a Tartar ruler, but set about undermining the importance and wealth of their empire by erecting at Vasiliursk a rival market to that of Kazan. It was this same Yarmark of Ivan's that Michael Teodorovich, the first of the Romanovs, moved to Makhariev 150 years later, and which was finally established at Nizhni about a century ago.

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Nizhni grew to be the largest and the most important in a sort of chain of similar fairs at different points throughout Russia, where consumers were purchasers and the goods bought were delivered on the ground and taken home by the buyer. But with increased transportation facilities, this cumbersome way of doing business gradually disappeared in Russia as elsewhere, and the Yarmark at Nizhni grew more restricted; it took on the character of a jobbers' market where buyers from retail stores came to purchase from sample, for subsequent delivery. In 1913, 25 per cent of the vast army of buildings which had once been filled with shops were no longer in use; in 1916, partly on account of the war, 75 per cent of them were abandoned and falling into the disrepair in which they now stand. To the visitor to Nizhni who is unaware of this the Fair appears an immense failure because of the number of empty, half-destroyed buildings surrounding the little island of newly painted, renovated structures where the Yarmark of 1922 is being held. But the old buildings now falling to pieces would never have found use again in any case, as the old type of buying in bulk and carrying your purchase home with you is as dead in Russia as in Omaha or Indianapolis.

What is striking in the Yarmark this year—and what is meant to be striking—is the substantial and impressive showing that the various government "trusts" make. These are the organizations of private industry in Russia in which the government participates as partner or shareholder and which, thereby, enjoy certain advantages. Generally speaking, their prices and the quality they offer are more advantageous for the purchaser than the smaller private traders' stock, but the average Russian has not yet learned this, and it is to convince him of it that the Yarmark is being held.

Just how the country buyer divines from the syncopated names these "trusts" bear what class of wares they deal in has always been a puzzle to me. The *Steklofarfortrest*, for example, combines the Russian words for glass and for porcelain, and the product dealt in proves, on examination, to be what is known to the trade as queensware. The *Sakharotrest* is simpler, as sugar is easily separated from the combination, but with the *Bumtrest* I was for a time uncertain whether American slang had not found its way to Russia, until I was able to worry *bumaga* (paper) out of the combination and solve the riddle. The *Kojhtrest*, the monopoly in hides, has a very heavy showing, including unborn colt skins at $1.75, black lamb, called persian, at $3.75, and hog bristles enough to make shaving-brushes for all the inhabitants of the world, quoted at $1.20 a pound. The *Rezinotrest* displays a surprising lot of rubber articles manufactured in Russia, while the products of the *Petrotextiltrest*—the Petrograd textile industry—are astonishing in their variety.

Perhaps the most interesting of the displays are those of the *Glakustprod* (a triple-barreled word), or the bureau marketing—the cottage industry of the Russian peasant. Here are hand-woven embroidered linens in bright colors, strangely wrought carved-wood articles, boxes cunningly fashioned, toys to delight any child—even furniture carved with great skill, the skill of the wood-worker, that every Russian peasant is and has been for centuries.

For the American the most significant display at the Yarmark is that of the *Narkomnistorg*—the People's Commissariat for Foreign Trade—with its showing of articles imported from abroad for which there is demand in Russia. To those who have claimed that the Russian market is of little potential value to American exporters a glance at the articles made in the United States, which are for sale in Russia and do not come from the United States, but from Germany, England, France, Italy, and even Japan—would give American manufacturers food for thought.

Indeed the whole Yarmark is food for thought for Americans. Here is industry reviving, a market of 150,000,000, still poor, but beginning to be able to pay. Here, stripped of hair-splitting distinctions of economic theory, is the great, patent fact of trade, under the conditions in which trade is conducted on Main Street, going on as if there had never been a communist revolution in the world. Here is more: a great people, struggling back to life from darkness and trial, wanting all that we have to offer of material things to complete more rapidly their regeneration. We profess deep sympathy for the people of Russia but mistrust of their government. Well, it is the people of Russia who want the possibility of dealing with us, man to man, on the basis of other free nations. The Government of Russia does not give a hoot.

Smith W. Brookhart, Dissenter

By AUSTIN HAINES

Des Moines, Ia., October 20

THE easy victory last June of Colonel Smith W. Brookhart in securing the Republican nomination for United States Senator from Iowa to succeed Senator Kenyon, who resigned to accept an appointment to the Circuit Court of Appeals, cast consternation into the ranks of the regular Republican organization. His certain election in November is one of the most significant signs of the extent of the agrarian revolt against the present Administration.

Pinchot's campaign in Pennsylvania involved State more than national issues. Beveridge in Indiana was sufficiently regular so that party leaders refused to concede that his nomination was a serious blow to their prestige. Frazier's defeat of McCumber in North Dakota was discounted in advance as a probable result of the whirligig of politics which brings the embattled Nonpartisan League farmers of the great wheat-producing State alternate victories and defeats. As for La Follette in Wisconsin, his victories have become a habit.

But Iowa—rock-ribbed Republican Iowa, that has had since the Civil War but one Governor and no United States Senators who did not stand squarely on the Republican platform (although Cummins and the lamented Jonathan P. Dolliver were regarded as somewhat unorthodox in their day); Iowa, which gave President Harding nearly 400,000 majority; Iowa, which never followed off after strange political gods in the days of the Granger, Populist, and Free Silver movements that swept neighboring States; Iowa, where the Nonpartisan League has been unable to gain any foothold whatever, was regarded by Republican leaders as eminently sane and safe. Yet Colonel Brookhart, frankly a come-outer, a dangerous dissenter, received 42 per cent of

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the total vote cast for six candidates in the primary. Add to this the fact that one of his opponents, Clifford T. Thorne, was brought out as a candidate by Brookhart's enemies because he would appeal to the same voting strength that Brookhart did and would have been but little more acceptable to the party organization than Brookhart, and you get some idea of the political ferment in Iowa. Had the issue been a clean-cut one between Brookhart radicalism and Administration conservatism, the former would have received more than two-thirds of the votes cast at the Republican primary. As a result there has been a bolt on Brookhart organized by old-line Republicans, including three former governors and several prominent Republican editors and party leaders, who regard him as more of a Socialist than a Republican. As proof of this they point to the fact that he attended a gathering of radicals in Chicago last winter for the purpose of forming a third party. It is noteworthy, however, that none of the Republican candidates are openly joining in the bolt. State and national campaign committees, to most of whose members Colonel Brookhart's candidacy is as gall and wormwood, are rendering him at least nominal support and lip-service. They fear an organized bolt might prove a two-edged sword that would strike several Republican Congressional candidates. Hence John T. Adams of Iowa, chairman of the National Republican Committee, who is bitterly opposed to Brookhart, is sending speakers like Senator Capper of Kansas and McCormick of Illinois into Iowa to urge the election of Brookhart along with the rest of the ticket. Senator Cummins of Iowa, joint author of the transportation act which Brookhart has attacked most viciously, is saying nothing, though he wrote a letter after Brookhart's nomination asserting that if the latter's power was commensurate with his desires the government would not last a fortnight. He is preparing to defend the Esch-Cummins railroad bill against the attacks of the man who is to be his junior colleague in the Senate, but meanwhile will probably sulk in his tent. Dr. Harding, father of the President, while attending the recent G. A. R. encampment in Des Moines, gave a statement to the papers saying that we already had enough socialists and radicals at Washington without adding Brookhart to them, but this was regarded as a *faux pas* by the party organization, which realizes that for the present, until the primary law which Senator Cummins as Governor put on the statute books can be changed, Colonel Brookhart is the nominee of the Republican party of Iowa.

Meanwhile Brookhart goes his way, practically alone, saying nothing in commendation of the Republican Administration, asking no favors of the organization, and avoiding any strictly partisan appeal, confident of his strength with the mass of voters on Election Day. Even the State platform, framed by a convention of hand-picked delegates overwhelmingly hostile to him, is either ignored or interpreted to mean the exact opposite to what its authors intended.

He is making his campaign on three main issues. The first is the repeal of the Esch-Cummins transportation law. He denounces in unmeasured terms its so-called guaranty provisions and the Interstate Commerce Commission's valuation of about nineteen billion dollars for the railroads of the country, which he asserts is at least one-third too high. He points to the fact that Iowa farmers have not begun to realize 6 per cent nor half that on their investments under any proper system of accounting.

His second thrust is directed at the Federal Reserve banking system, which he blames for many of the farmers' financial woes. He charges that two years ago the Federal Reserve system instituted a policy of deflating the farmers for the deliberate purpose of compelling them to dump their crops on the market, depress prices, and enable speculators to buy up farm products at less than the cost of production. To bear this out he cites the fact that Iowa at that time had some ninety odd million dollars of loans from the Federal Reserve Bank, which its directors claimed was nearly three times the State's allotment. As a result they forced Iowa bankers to call in their loans to farmers, immediately following a period of inflation when Iowa farm lands had soared in value and when crops had just been harvested. This necessitated a dumping of farm crops on the market with a consequent slump of prices, which ruined thousands of farmers, especially renters, and created much bitterness among them which Colonel Brookhart has not been slow to capitalize. He says that Iowa, the richest farming State in the Union, should have many times thirty-five millions of Federal Reserve Bank loans as its fair share, and points to the fact that individual banks in Chicago and New York have several times that sum as their allotment for the purpose of financing speculation in farm products and industrial stocks on the part of those who produce nothing. To prevent a repetition of this tragedy he demands that agricultural and industrial labor be given larger representation on the governing board of the Federal Reserve Bank. Since nearly two-thirds of the bank deposits of the country, on which the Federal Reserve Bank is based, come from these two classes he insists that they should be given a majority representation on the governing board.

His third main plank is for laws to encourage cooperative control of production, credit, marketing, and buying by organized agricultural and industrial labor. He argues that each is the other's best customer and points to the unnecessary spread between them in their double roles of producers and consumers. He says that out of every dollar which the farmer pays for the products of industrial labor the latter receives less than 40 cents, while the farmer is in an even worse position as regards his share of the profits of what industrial labor pays for farm products. Then he cites Denmark and other European countries where the spread between producer and consumer has been reduced by cooperative organization to a comparatively few cents out of each dollar. He argues for the elimination of unnecessary middlemen and the reduction of the cost of distribution by the adoption of the Rochdale cooperative system as practiced in England. In this way he foresees a Utopian condition in which agricultural and industrial labor will each receive more for its products while paying less for the products of the other.

Along with economic cooperation he stands for political cooperation against what he describes as the Nonpartisan League of Wall Street. Farm and labor organizations have been tending toward a *rapprochement* in Iowa in recent years. They have combined effectively on legislative programs. The farmers' union, a strong agricultural organization, though not so powerful or so conservative as the Farm Bureau, has frequently indorsed the policies and aims of union labor. The National Farm Bureau Federation, however, of which Iowa men are president and secretary, fought Brookhart in his campaign against Cummins for two years and lent him no aid in his recent victory for the nomination.

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Among the minor policies which Brookhart is advocating in his appeal to Iowa voters regardless of party lines, are a soldiers' bonus, which he would finance by taxation on war-made fortunes, opposition to the ship-subsidy bill, and a reopening of the Newberry case.

Colonel Brookhart is the voice of discontent, in the hearts of Iowa farmers and organized labor, against wrongs which they believe they have suffered at the hands of the present Administration. A veteran of two wars, with a notable record, he has little patience with the one-hundred-per-cent Americanism of big business. He will land right in the center of the farm bloc and be one of its most aggressive leaders. A farmer himself, living on his farm just outside the limits of the town of Washington, Iowa, he knows the farmers' problems at first hand and is going to the Capitol to fight for what he believes is justice to them and to organized labor. He lacks the social graces and is proud of it. He has none of the so-called bad habits and by no stretch of imagination can he be regarded as what is called a good fellow. He is an indefatigable worker, firm to the point of stubbornness, a hard hitter, who takes himself with the utmost seriousness, and has not a particle of fear in his make-up. In Washington he will be found much of the time fighting shoulder to shoulder with Senator La Follette. He describes himself as a Lincoln-Roosevelt-La Follette-Kenyon Republican. But he really is just a Brookhart Republican: a crusader for the people against big business.

In the Driftway

CONSIDERABLE amusement has been generated by the protest of the outraged Clarences at having been so long the butt of vaudeville jokes. No statistics were presented in their complaint, but the Drifter guesses that with the Percys they have received the major portion of the arrows aimed at silliness, sissyness, and general ineptitude. And this is extremely curious when the history of the Clarences and Percys is taken into account.

* * * * *

THE Clarence clamor mentioned Lionel of Antwerp, son of Edward III, and first of the great dukes of Clarence. It took no account of the more illustrious members of the earlier house of Clare, from whom the Clarences derived their name. What, the Drifter wonders, would Richard Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, who probably was the Clare to give name to Ireland's most famous county, what would Roger and his son Gilbert, both Barons of the Charter, what would Gilbert himself, who inherited from his mother the earldom of Gloucester and the lordship of Glamorgan, who was nephew of Edward II, and who "fell gloriously at Bannockburn when twenty-three years old"—what would these doughty warriors say if they could read the bitter cry of the Clarences against ridicule!

* * * * *

EVEN more does the Drifter wonder at the Percys. The first Percy was a follower of William of Normandy. One of his descendants was one of the twenty-five barons appointed to enforce Magna Carta. Another, Thomas Percy, was a Gunpowder-Plot conspirator, though it must be confessed that he allowed no grass to grow under his feet after the capture of Guy Fawkes. There was even a Percy, a parliamentary general in the civil war in 1648, who combined the now ignominious Percy with the almost equally opprobrious Algernon, and who apparently never had occasion to run through a jester who tried to take liberties with either of his names. And the most famous Percy of all, Sir Henry Percy, Hotspur, whom Shakespeare surely loved as well as any of his characters—what three performance-a-day Dancing-and-Dialogue Number would have mentioned him only to deride his name? At this point the Drifter is willing to confess that he brought up the whole question of Clarences and Percys almost solely for the purpose of quoting from the Ballad of Chevy Chase. And he would like to see the joker that would take liberties with such a Percy:

> "Noe, Douglas!" quoth Erle Percy then,
> "thy profer I doe scorne;
> I will not yield to any Scott
> that euer yett was borne!"
>
> With that there came an arrow keene,
> out of an English bow,
> Which stroke Erle Douglas on the brest
> a deepe and deadlye blow.
>
> Who never sayd more words than these;
> Fight on, my merry men all!
> For why, my life is att [an] end,
> lord Pearcy sees my fall.
>
> Then leaning liffe, Erle Pearcy tooke
> the dead man by the hand;
> Who said, "Erle Dowglas, for thy life,
> wold I had lost my land!"

Now the curious part of all this is that nobody has ever thought of Douglas as anything but a name to be proud of. Can it be that the Clarence and Percy fall came from within? Some day the Drifter is going to take a census of all the silly and inept persons in the world; then he will publish the number who are named Clarence and Percy.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 400 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.

Prodigious California

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As the trial of five men in Oakland, for the heinous crime of having attended an organization meeting of the Communist Labor Party three years ago, proceeds on its tortuous and hampered way; as news comes in to me from every part of the State of the conviction of men to fourteen years in San Quentin for the sin of belonging to the I.W.W.; as a dozen of those already convicted crawl at last out of the dungeons where they spent weeks on bread and water in protest against injustice to one of their number; as the day approaches for the trial of practically the whole of the Socialist Labor Party of Los Angeles; as I view the complete paralysis or the feeble struggles for life of every radical activity in California; as the convention of the State Federation of Labor unanimously votes down resolutions for the recognition of Soviet Russia, for protest at Foster's arrest, for unionization of the Japanese: I turn from these phenomena with a strange feeling to read George West's eulogy of California the Prodigious, which skirts, oh, so lightly, or does not mention at all, California the prodigiously Reactionary.

San Francisco, October 8 MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

[*Continued on page* 470]

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15,000 NEW SUBSCRI

WHY WE WANT THEM

We confess at once to a double motive for wanting 15,000 new subscribers this fall. One reason is to extend our influence. We feel that the things *The Nation* stands for deserve wider support. It is true that we are told that few papers are so influential as *The Nation* in proportion to their circulation, because few papers are read by so highly selected a group. That group, however, is still comparatively small, and we want to increase it, as a means of promoting the ideals to which *The Nation* is devoted, and to enable us to give our readers an even better *Nation* than is the case today.

Our second reason for wanting these 15,000 new readers is a desire for independence. The cost of *The Nation* at present exceeds its revenue. We want to pay our way, and we estimate that 15,000 new subscribers will make it possible. We believe that American liberalism is strong enough to maintain a fearless, independent weekly journal, with the economic justification which will make it twice as effective. No truly liberal journal in this country has ever, we believe, had that justification. We are convinced that it is possible, and with your help we expect to demonstrate it.

HOW WE EXPE

100,000 persons in this
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point. Eventually we hope
Within the next few weeks
readers, to find 15,000 of the
are directly and indirectly
15,000 friends who now subs
finds JUST ONE NEW SUBSCR
time since we have asked ou
they care enough for *The N*

A Few Facts About THE NATION

In the last four years *The Nation's* circulation has more than trebled. At present it is above 25,000.

Of these 25,000, regular subscriptions are entered on our books for more than 15,000. News-stand buyers number around 10,000.

The cost of *The Nation's* service to all these readers is NOT met by the price they pay for the paper, but leaves an annual deficit, which has been met by the editor and some of his friends.

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RS FOR THE NATION

GET THEM

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Nation (see the note below)
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to help us. We believe that
.

A Communication

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If we had twenty *Nations* in this country and five million subscribers there would be no more war and all economic troubles would be ended. . . .

I am a very busy man in the hospital every day, and but for that fact I would go out and get subscribers for *The Nation,* because I honestly believe that I could best serve my people by putting *The Nation* in every home in Wisconsin.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin R. E.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

You can do us a service that no one else can. You know personally a number of persons who would enjoy *The Nation.* Will you help us to reach them? Will you get us at least ONE new annual subscriber? We are prepared to give you every possible assistance, by writing and sending sample copies to every one whose name you send us. Will you get him for us, not tomorrow nor next week but TODAY?

The Nation
20 Vesey Street, New York.

Enclosed find $5.00, for which please send The Nation for a year to

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To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: George West's article on California is a remarkable survey of civilization in that State. If I were writing about California, I should perhaps use almost the identical language employed by Mr. West. It is surprising that a native should have achieved such brilliant detachment.

Several things only hinted at in George West's portrait might have been brought out in greater relief. Mr. West gives due credit and place to the Latin influence, but fails, I believe, to isolate sufficiently the ghosts of Spanish occupation which haunt one almost everywhere in California, by the street names, the missions, the architecture in schools, colleges, millionaire homes, and Southern Pacific railway stations. While he indicates the existence of a pervasive glow of optimism he does not fully trace it to its causes. The climate is only half responsible for the general optimism and lack of worth-while creative effort. The other half may be accounted for by a most touching reaction to the pioneer tradition. Or it may be due to that very tradition itself.

Mr. West's picture of San Francisco is vivid, colorful, and wholly convincing. His picture of Los Angeles is not quite so good. The Puritanism and ku-kluxism is almost unbearable in the Southland. The Better America Federation is a dark blot and a corrosive blight. While the southern Californian lives in a well-planned home surrounded by a garden, wherever possible, his home itself, save in a few exceptional cases, is furnished in excruciatingly bad taste, his pictures are little better than post cards, and his books, if he has any, are usually of the Harold Bell Wright and Gene Stratton Porter variety. Los Angeles is largely a city of Middle-Western farmers, many of whose wives get panic-stricken or car-sick when they ride on the street cars. Anatole France might go to Los Angeles and all the reception he would get would be some such query as this: "What line do you carry? We hope you're going to settle for good here in southern California. Here's a free ride to San Pedro or Rotonda. Take a squint at our first-class sites." If Dowie or Coué, or some other charlatan or bunk-artist put in an appearance, he would be welcomed with open arms and a new religion in his honor would be started instanter.

Saving, however, is the High School Teachers' Forum in Los Angeles, which discusses radical questions openly at its meetings and reads *The Nation* and other provocative and stimulating magazines.

New York, September 28 Pierre Loving

Armenia and Russia

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I was amazed to learn from one of your editorial paragraphs that Soviet Russia has achieved, by direct dealings with the Turks, a measure of protection for the Armenians remaining under Turkish suzerainty. Of course you have not any brothers, sisters, parents or kinsmen of Armenian extraction living under Turkish suzerainty to learn from them the kind of protection they are enjoying since Russian direct dealing with the Turks, but I wish you would record facts rather than fancies.

Turks, since their direct dealings with Soviet Russia, have massacred tens of thousands of Armenians, not counting massacred Armenians in the late Smyrna débâcle. The Turks are carrying on their plan of exterminating the Armenian race without pause, not only throughout pre-war Turkey, but also throughout after-acquired territory of Kars, Ardahan, etc. The Turks are not satisfied with butchering the Armenians, but they have determined to eradicate every vestige of the Armenian race. They have stopped the use of the Armenian language. They have forbidden the remaining Armenians from corresponding with their dear ones in the United States of America, or elsewhere, in the Armenian language and writing. No Armenian writing could pass through the mails coming from or going to Turkey, except Constantinople. All the writings must be in Turkish. They have declared that there are only Gregorian, Protestant, Catholic (all Armenians) Turks and Orthodox (Greek) Turks in Turkey, thus avoiding even the use of the words Armenian and Greek. Turk vandalism is working right under the nose of the Soviet Russia unabated, and deliberately destroying the age-old Armenian culture, architecture, and art remnants in the ancient city of Ani.

Los Angeles, California, September 27 M. G. Ferrahian

[Soviet Armenia, under Russian protection, is the one effective refuge for Armenians in Asia Minor today. Friendly intervention by Soviet Russia has at least twice bettered the wretched lot of Armenians in Turkey; appeals to the Allies have only brought on new wars and more slaughter.—Editor The Nation.]

Medical Aid for Russia

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: During the past year the American Medical Aid for Russia, organized under the direction of a group of distinguished American physicians, raised a fund sufficient to purchase a hospital equipment adequate for a first-class institution. The following have been bought and are being shipped to Russia as rapidly as possible: Operating room; laboratory for clinical, pathological, and bacteriological work; X-ray department; drug store; disinfecting apparatus; complete equipment for bakery, kitchen, and laundry; ambulance and 500 beds fully equipped. The society has sent to Russia in equipment and donations in kind approximately $60,000. Under an agreement formulated between the Moscow health authorities and the society, the Old Catherine Hospital is now being put in first-class repair by the Soviet authorities and placed in the hands of the American Medical Aid for a period of one year. Having already equipped the hospital as described, the society agrees to provision both patients and staff, meet all the running expenses of the institution, supply it with an abundance of first-class material, instal American methods of administration, nursing, and treatment, and in general maintain the institution as a modern hospital of the highest standard. At the end of one year it will be returned to the Soviet Health Commission of Moscow as the model hospital of the city. Local groups of the American Medical Aid for Russia are being organized in the great cities of the country for the raising of funds. The officers of the organization are: Mrs. Henry Villard, chairman; Arthur S. Leeds, treasurer; Frances Witherspoon, executive secretary. The National Advisory Committee of scientific men includes such distinguished names as those of Dr. Charles H. Mayo, Dr. M. J. Rosenau, Dr. Lewellys F. Barker, Dr. Haven Emerson, Dr. Harvey Cushing, Dr. Morton Prince, Dr. M. W. Ireland, Dr. Joseph Goldberger, Dr. Walter B. Cannon, Dr. Jacques Loeb, etc. Individual contributions are solicited and may be sent to the American Medical Aid for Russia, 103 Park Avenue, New York.

New York, October 4 John Haynes Holmes

Further Reflections on Parody

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a letter commenting on my review of his parodies Mr. Louis Untermeyer asserts that I have deserved the discourtesy of his answer. I am unable, however, to see any lack of politeness in his response. He compares parody to a microscope that magnifies the qualities of a creation, and insists that parody is a form of criticism. I did not know that the qualities of a literary creation were so minute and obscure that they needed a microscope to show them to a waiting world, and I was also unaware of the fact that exaggerated and humorously distorted reproductions of an original creation could observe the functions of criticism. Criticism should be a calm investigation of what the creation has attempted to accomplish placed against the background of what it has not achieved, while parody places an unfair emphasis upon certain qualities in the

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creation and distorts them. Parody is a masquerading parasite, feasting upon the original creation and revealing the after-effects of the meal—admiration or dislike, concealed beneath the movements of ridicule and hyberbole. This feat may frequently be deft and entertaining but it has little connection with criticism and its value is not apt to be permanent. The bacteriological antics which Mr. Untermeyer praises are scarcely necessary to eyes that have already viewed the creation in all of its details.

Since Mr. Untermeyer claims that it is difficult to burlesque the serious, I would advise him to visit a typical musical comedy or read the novels of Harold Bell Wright and Gene Stratton Porter. To be sure, these people are unconsciously burlesquing the serious, but when the effort is unconscious it is far more apt to be successful than the more deliberate machinations of the literary parodist. It is true that, in all probability, no clown has ever attempted to burlesque the character of Macbeth. The achievement would be too easy, and clowns, if they are expert, prefer more difficult contortions. The theatrical villainy of Macbeth, however, could be magnified and made ludicrous, and the result would undoubtedly be gratifying to those whose laughter relies upon the often crude encouragement of such devices.

New York, October 11 MAXWELL BODENHEIM

The New Party and the Churches

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Several weeks ago, certain political groupings united to form a new American Labor Party. They included Socialists, Liberals, Farmer-Laborites, and some trade-union elements. They agreed upon a social reconstruction program and adopted it as a party platform. This program is a remarkable, if not a perfect, reflection of the social creeds of the ecclesiastical Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish church groups. The churches have officially declared for industrial democracy. The substantial planks of the American Labor Party's platform, industrially analyzed, prove to be sound democratic planks.

This extraordinary situation gives rise to an arresting question: Will the general clergy and the socially minded churchgoers vote with the Third Party in the coming elections? Upon the answer depends the success or failure of the new coalition party at the November polls. There undoubtedly are innumerable voters in all the churches who have long been seeking a political party which would most closely express their own particular social philosophies.

This veritable army views the dominant forces both in the Democratic and Republican parties as reactionary and anti-social powers. For such an army the two old parties have lost all appeal. This army, made up of representatives of every race, color, and religion, is now wandering, like a lost sheep, in a political "no man's land." It awaits only the proper generalissimo and general staff to discipline and lead it in order to become not merely an irresistible social justice agent but the decisive factor in local, state, and national politics, also. The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America is the social mouthpiece of the Protestant churches in this country. America's Roman Catholic Church speaks socially through the National Catholic Welfare Council, and the Jewish Synagogue—somewhat less sharply and definitely than either—through the Committee of Rabbis. For the past two years, these various religious sects in spite of their theological differences, even theological antagonisms, have been meeting and harmoniously acting upon the same sociological stage.

Neither the Protestant nor the Jewish church groupings, it is true, have suggested a concrete solution to the economic problem of today. Nevertheless, there is nothing in the philosophical social creed of either which runs counter to the proposed Catholic solution. This very positive and specific Catholic solution, first presented in the Social Reconstruction Program of the Four Bishops and later in the Pastoral Letter of the entire Roman Catholic Hierarchy in the United States, is the social message of the National Catholic Welfare Council, a nationwide and influential social organization of an educational nature, recently blessed by the Pope himself.

The proposed Catholic solution of today's economic problem is guided by the underlying principle of the medieval guilds, namely, that the workers own the land and the tools with which they work. To abolish the social injustices of modern commercialism, which Father Husslein, the prominent American Jesuit sociologist, characterizes publicly as "antagonistic to the entire spirit of Christianity," the American Hierarchy urges the application of this Catholic principle to present-day industry. The social goal visioned by the Roman Catholic Church in America is to be reached by successive stages of legislative travel, all constitutional, just as the American Labor Party's goal is to be reached. But the National Catholic Welfare Council's goal, it is significant to note, lies beyond the goal of the more moderate program of the new Third Party. In this connection a news bulletin of the National Catholic Welfare Council's Social Action Department has point and interest. This bulletin, lately issued under a Washington date line, follows in full:

"Plans are being perfected by leaders of the Socialist Party to become an educational organization and merge their election fortunes in a labor party similar to the British Labor Party. The first step has already been taken in New York City, where the Socialist Party, the Farmer-Labor Party, and a group of labor unions have combined to write a common platform and nominate candidates. Even a name, the American Labor Party, has been chosen and if the experiment in New York City is moderately successful, attempts will be made next winter, especially at Chicago in the December Conference for Progressive Political Action, to launch the party as a national organization. "The remarkable thing about the platform of the new party is that the Socialist Party is willing to contest an election on a program that asks for government ownership and democratic operation only of railroads and mines. This plank in the new party is practically identical with that of the Farmer-Labor Party and instead of calling for socialism asks merely for public ownership of a very few industries. While the new party will undoubtedly be attacked as Socialist, it is not such under any normal use of the word. The shrinkage of the Socialist Party to a very small membership and its abandonment by the more impatient, who in the various communist organizations are now attacking the Socialist Party, have led it to join forces on a moderate public ownership program with the Farmer-Labor Party and the unions."

New York, August 27 JOHN HEARLEY

Contributors to This Issue

LEONARD LANSON CLINE was born in Bay City, Michigan, and has lived in Detroit, Manistee, Ironwood, Ypsilanti. For three years he attended the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. For seven years he wrote political articles and music and art criticism for Detroit newspapers. He has been a contributor of prose and poetry to various magazines. At present he is a reporter on the Baltimore *Sun*.

J. A. HOBSON is an eminent English writer on economic problems and a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

PAXTON HIBBEN was the only American correspondent during a large part of the Nizhni Novgorod Fair which he describes.

AUSTIN HAINES is editor of the Des Moines *News*.

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Provincial

By VIOLA C. WHITE

I

Before you came I got the papers read
So I could talk to you of diplomats,
And I could say just what the papers said.
And then you asked about the tiger cats,
And said you liked my waving mane of hair,
And said the old town had not changed a bit.
It's nice and restful for you, isn't it?
I know just how Miss Mary in her chair
Feels when folks call—and now you've gone again.
If you lived here and I lived over there
I would come back from dealing with great men
To see you and the "dear old town" again,
But I'd not talk to you of tiger cats!

II

I hate to hear the others praise you so,
And ask me if I noticed your hair curled,
And how, when you got mad, your eyes would glow.
They'll never find out what you meant to me.
I wish they hated you, and I could be
Your only single friend in all the world.

III

I dreamed last night an angel pushed
With both hands on the apple tree
Under my window, till he crushed
The black bark, and the rings of wood
Split at his touch, and there you stood
Inside; your eyes danced merrily
As you reached out your arms to me.
But now by day the tree looks just the same
As it did before you came.

IV

I wish I'd never met you, never seen
That look of yours, as if you got some fun
Out of the frozen mountains and the sun.
Whatever I do, it comes in between.
Well, look then, keep on looking, and much good
You'll get from it! I'm going to bring the wood
And then wash up the dishes, and then clean
The garbage pail, and scrub down every floor
And whisk the dust specks out of every room
Of this old tomb, and polish the front door,
Mix up the batter—the bought bread gets stale—
And look inside the oven door to see
If what I put in puffs sufficiently,
Ready for lunch; and after lunch I'll mend
Torn clothes, then walk down-town and get the mail,
Cook dinner, and perhaps at night I'll go
To prayer-meeting, or to the movie-show—
I've that much choice at least for the day's end.
What is the use of having you in sight
When nothing else will ever change a mite?

V

If it were land between us I'd not be
Discouraged. If I never had the fare
Still I could always walk and find you there.
But now—how could I ever cross the sea?
Green water it is, mile and mile and mile.
The boats keep moving all day steadily;
All day, all night, the people wake and sleep,
Get up and go to bed, and the boats keep
Moving, just on green water, all the while.
I'll never earn enough to come to you.
I try to make my thought rise up and fly
Over the sea to look at what you do.
It flies a little way through winter sky
And then green water closes endlessly
Around it, and it sinks too deep for memory. . . .
You might as well be dead for all of me.

VI

I had more sense than you had, anyway,
When we stood laughing at the butting lamb,
And when we let the pail down in the spring,
And when we raced beside the beaver dam.
I'm glad I never heard your whispering,
I'm glad I never let you play with me
And set the neighbors' tongues a-gossiping.
You'd be as distant as you are today,
And I'd be that much worse off than I am.

Mirage

By FRANK ERNEST HILL

There is a city islanded in light:
Coppery green and windowed wall of white
And plumes of steam uplifted pale and whist
Over a bay of water like blue mist.
Men must walk proudly where the sunlight falls
Across the soaring beauty of those walls;
Words must be music worthy of the dreaming
That summoned dross, and shaped, and left it gleaming
Farther from earth and sea than from the sun.
Toil must be promise there of things undone
Shining in things fulfilled, and love and sleep
Are sweeter in that city, and more deep.

Go toward the light. There is a gloom that rings
With the eternal war of men and things.
Go toward the silence. There is thunder poured
Dark through the canyon darkness. Towers have soared
To suckle shadows, trap the noise of men,
Tangle their stolen lightning in a pen.
Crowds at the corners herd upon their heels
To watch and wait upon a march of wheels;
Jangling their tided thousands press to feed
Long caverns of pale light and stuttering speed
Where living men are worms. Their streets are rooms
Troughed, roofless, with a wreckage in their glooms
Lifting its web to shake with sky-flung trains
The ghastliness of endless window-panes.

You will not find the shining city in
These grooves of shadow and of gusty din.
Only at times high windows snare the light,
Smoke curls against blue sky to billowing white,
Tall spires are golden through a ghostly rain,
Roofs in the distance glisten green again.
A city shines beyond the city then,
Clear to the eyes, lost to the feet of men.

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Books

A Note on Irony

THE reader of certain of our poets will be struck by the frequency with which the ironic tone prevails. When he comes across something like this from Mr. Aldous Huxley,

> "But when the wearied band
> Swoons to a waltz, I take her hand,
> And there we sit in blissful calm,
> Quietly sweating palm to palm."

he may be more than struck; he may be shocked, and may feel that cynical disillusion has proceeded so far that not even poetry —the last refuge of the idealist—will longer shelter him, and that Apollo, having lost faith in his own mission, has begun to mock his priesthood. Indeed, the outraged reader often goes further and pronounces the final anathema: "It may be clever, but it certainly isn't poetry."

What seems especially offensive is the confusion of categories. Such a poet does not keep the objects of his admiration and of his scorn separate. In a given poem he is not unabashedly prosaic, like an eighteenth-century satirist, any more than he is lost in ecstasy. He seems indeed to be equally anxious to insist that he has a *cœur sensible* and that he is not taken in by it. What he finds most charming is the fittest subject for his mockery. He insists joyfully that all his choicest silk purses are made out of sow's ears.

Now, irony does not mean the saying of what one does not mean. Rather it is a method of suggesting the complexity of a truth by emphasizing some side of it often lost sight of. It is the highest form of literary expression because it alone can adequately suggest the complexity of life and indicate that the whole truth, composed of contrasting untruths, is too elaborate to be defined in a direct statement. To say that language was invented to conceal thought is truer than to say that it was invented to express thought, because the former statement implies the latter and at the same time suggests an important addition.

Anatole France tells the story of a monk who thought that he had found Truth. One night the Devil (who, be it remarked, is one of the necessary avatars of God) appeared to challenge his self-sufficiency. "I," said the Devil, "will show you Truth," and revealed to the astonished monk a large wheel striped with contrasting colors. When the monk expressed incredulity, he was bidden to wait, and the wheel began to revolve. Faster and faster it went, until the contrasting colors were blended into a blinding white. "That," said the triumphant Devil, "is Truth." Presumably it is given to God to see this bright luminosity—certainly it is not given to man. In common he is prone, as sentimentalist or as cynic, to choose the violet or the red and to let the rest go. To the ironist only is it given to put, at least, the complementary colors side by side. It is into them that the prism of life splits the white radiance of eternity.

Consider for a moment what is, with one exception to be mentioned later, man's greatest invention—Romantic Love. It is one of the most fruitful sources of distinguished irony because it is constantly bringing the most transcendent desires to the most humiliatingly inadequate of fruitions. It would not be too much to say that the romantic lover must be either an ironist or a fool. Of necessity he escapes from the purely animal tradition, but unless he is the blindest of sentimentalists he must be aware of its existence as his starting-point. His only escape is into ironic idealism, and, indeed, idealism may be defined as differing from sentimentalism in the presence of an ironic consciousness of the obverse. As lover, the idealist recognizes love as at once the blind appetite which he shares with the amoeba and the link which connects him to God. He knows that he cannot say a completely true thing about it without being at once reverent and obscene.

The dislike of irony and the distrust of the ironist goes deeper than a mere mulish disinclination to truth. Fundamentally it is grounded upon fear—fear lest the cool wind should blow away the mist which envelops the unlovely face of reality. All that makes life tolerable, all that keeps man from perishing of mortification at his own futility and obscenity, is his own laborious invention. His futile progress from generation to decay he has justified as a schooling; the senseless sting which he shares with the beasts he has elaborated with countless arpeggios and set to subtle harmonies; and in the face of all evidence he has declared that nature is ordered in love. In this more comely world he has wisely chosen to dwell, but he knows and fears its fragility. Because he distrusts his own powers he hesitates to admit that this world is his own creation and he fears the ironist who, unlike the mere cynic, admires the creation although he is not deceived as to its human origin and its existence only in the mind that conceives it.

But such fear is cowardly, and Dante, when he embraced many ladies in the name of Beatrice but forebore any direct pursuit of the fleshly embodiment of his ideal, was weakened with this cowardice. He did not, he maintained, desire her, but in truth he feared to desire. He feared lest the ideal of his creation could not survive contact with the real. Had he been braver, had he been stronger, had he, in fact, been an ironist, he would have dared to submit his dream to the final test. He would have proved—as many have proved—that symbols can fulfil also the functions of every day, that romantic love can survive the physiological.

The ironist, of course, does not destroy. Dust and ashes are not his chosen food, as will witness the magnificent tenderness of Anatole France. The ironist is merely brave and has no distrust of the firmness of his dreams. He may mock them and they will stand. It is the timid man who is of little faith, and the true religionist who dares to blaspheme. I have, he says, no delusions, but I have faith, and my ideal will not tremble though I approach my holiest of holies with my finger at my nose. My greatest lie has become my greatest truth and I dare to mock. "Credo quia absurdum est."

Finally, and in no merely cynical sense, God is man's greatest invention. To thousands, at least, if He exist at all man made Him. And who shall say that man, who has created beauty, love, and justice (none of which exists in the world of nature) is incapable of the task? Only if he is to avoid a stupid self-deception, if he is to be more than an auto-besotted priest, he must be conscious of his handiwork. The ironist is a necessary Devil's Advocate to test our faith.

This point of view is peculiarly modern, because former ages knew but half of the ironic predicament in which man finds himself. They knew that joy and beauty end in nothingness and corruption, and they made much of the transitoriness of glory and the end of beauty. But they did not know that beauty not only comes to dust but that it is dust, for they were happliy ignorant of physiology. Nor could they know the natural history of the emotions, that, for instance, the magnificent nostalgia of Iphigenia was in origin no different from the cat's comic insistence upon returning home. To them idealism was much easier than it is to us. They did not know so well as we the mud from which lilies grow. Modern science, history, sociology, and psychology have been largely an investigation of this mud, and to the knowledge so gained we are the heirs. We cannot even think of man, "in reason how like a God," without Mr. Huxley's proviso:

> "But Oh, the sound of simian mirth!
> Mind, issued from the monkey's womb,
> Is still umbilical to earth,
> Earth its home and earth its tomb."

The sciences of which evolution is the type have condemned us to inhabit henceforth an ironic cosmos. They have established a new set of verities of which the poet must take cognizance. He cannot embrace his mistress or enter a cathedral without being conscious of a thousand facts of which the trou-

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vère never dreamed, and most of these facts are the reverse of the poetical, as ordinarily conceived. He cannot, like Spenser, attribute the tint of his lady's cheek to the virtue of her soul, for he knows that it is more intimately connected with the regular functioning of the liver. Yet he cannot write a poem purely about the secretions.

In his heart he knows that when some barbarian found that the glow of a cheek could be made the occasion of ecstatic song he made a greater discovery than did Harvey when he discovered the circulation of the blood. Yet the poet, being a modern man, cannot without absurdity disregard either order of facts. He must somehow admit the liver and yet admire the complexion. He must embrace a world of contradictions. He must proclaim in a riotous parody of Mohammed: "There is no God, and I am his prophet." J. W. KRUTCH

What of the Night?

Employers' Associations in the United States. By Clarence E. Bonnett. The Macmillan Company. $4.

The Clothing Workers of Chicago: 1910-1922. Prepared by the Research Department of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America.

Industrial Unionism in America. By Marion Dutton Savage. The Ronald Press Company.

BELIEVERS in the dogma of the class war will read Mr. Bonnett's excellent book with keen joy; the rest of us, it is to be hoped, with sobering reflection. The book is an admirable presentation of the facts of industrial conflict in the United States. That no treatise on the important subject of employers' associations in this country should have appeared hitherto is a surprising fact; that this first book in that field should be so complete, so exact in detail, so discriminating, so impartial, and so perfectly documented, is a fact to revive one's faith in American scholarship. No more important contribution to an understanding of current labor history and the present industrial situation has been made in recent years. Mr. Bonnett has put the student, the business man, the labor leader, and the statesman alike in his debt.

An employers' association is defined as "a group which is composed of or fostered by employers and which seeks to promote the employers' interests in labor matters." The existing movement took its rise in the interesting industrial period of the middle eighties, but it was only when the era of trust-building had culminated at the turn of the century that it began taking on its present form and importance. Of the two thousand employers' associations which, according to Mr. Bonnett, exist or have existed, the author selects for careful discussion thirteen large, important, and representative organizations, namely, the Stove Founders' National Defense Association, the National Founders' Association, the National Metal Trades Association, the National Erectors' Association, the Building Trades Employers' Association of New York City, the Building Construction Employers' Association of Chicago, the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, the United Typothetae of America, the National Association of Manufacturers, the National Civic Federation, the League for Industrial Rights, the National Industrial Conference Board, and the Associated Employers of Indianapolis, Inc. In addition to these thirteen organizations, the index to associations which are at least mentioned in the text includes nearly three hundred entries. The treatment of each association covers its membership, objects, government, dues, obligations of membership, methods (in painstaking and serviceable detail), and relations with other organizations. The outgrowth of ten years of study, the book shows on every page wide and exact information, and every statement of fact is supported by a citation, mostly from association publications, of which Mr. Bonnett has evidently collected a bewildering array. His chapter on the National Association of Manufacturers alone, for example, contains no less than 484 such references.

Mr. Bonnett finds about the only common purpose among the associations to be "the desire to have industrial peace and to maintain the present system of private property." There is the widest possible variation in methods of attaining that purpose. The "negotiatory" associations bargain with unions, while the "belligerent" ones make war on them by every conceivable method. But Mr. Bonnett points out a fact never to be forgotten, namely, that none of them actually deals with unions from choice, but only under stress of compulsion of some sort. In other words, American unionism exists only in so far as employers' associations cannot prevent it. Further, there has been on the whole a progressive growth in belligerency among the associations throughout the present century.

This sober statement of fact throws much light on the events of the past four years. The open-shop movement was not born in Seattle in 1919. The labor spy was not invented in Pittsburgh yesterday. Brindell was not the original discoverer of the possibilities that lie in the combination of grafting labor boss and dishonest contractor. Some of the most successful employers' associations have for a quarter of a century waged relentless war on unionism, and by frank use of industrial espionage and constant employment of a group of professional strike-breakers, ready to be moved from place to place, have kept trouble-makers out of their shops, or, if a strike broke out, have crushed it. For example, the National Metal Trades Association in 1908, according to the Proceedings of its convention, was at that time placing in the shops of its members "special contract operatives" who worked regularly at the bench, reporting regularly also on the loyalty of their fellows, thus making it possible to keep the shops clear of agitators. In the 1912 convention of the National Founders' Association, the president said of its secret service, which included "intelligence men" planted in the ranks of the Molders' Union: "I regard this as one of the very best investments the Association makes. Without it I would hardly know how to direct the work of the Association. It seems to be an indispensable requisite to good results."

Turning to Washington, the student whose memory recalls the Mulhall disclosures will find James A. Emery still efficiently representing the National Association of Manufacturers before Congressional committees, and the Honorable James Watson still representing Indiana. More interesting in Mr. Bonnett's pages are the activities of Mr. Daniel L. Davenport, general counsel of the League for Industrial Rights, who, according to the League's Bulletin, secured the insertion in the labor section of the Clayton Act of the word "lawful," "which the courts have declared takes from the law the meaning intended by its proponents. Decisions by the Supreme Court indicate that such is the case on every major point."

The selection of this handful of extreme instances from the vast mass of association activities (for the most part unexceptionable) described by Mr. Bonnett, is not made for the purpose of criticism, but only to indicate that the present methods of industrial conflict on both sides are not new, that what we are witnessing today is only an intensification (possibly no more than a cyclical fluctuation, rather than a secular variation, indeed) of activities that constantly go on. Industrial, like international, war develops its own methods and its own ethics. In itself it brings us no nearer a solution of any of the questions over which men fight. A study like Mr. Bonnett's leaves the reader feeling the hopelessness of the industrial deadlock this side of revolution or paradise, leaves him with a sense of the unutterable waste of human ingenuity and capacity involved in the processes of conflict rather than cooperation. Shall American business and American labor alike perish for lack of vision?

No, there are signs of hope. Employers in plenty, mostly not front-page celebrities, are earnestly devoting their best thought to solving their labor problems, not merely to postponing them (perhaps for their sons and grandsons to wrestle with) by fighting over them. And a handful of labor leaders, too, though they cannot turn their backs toward the conflict, have turned their faces toward the light. Without question the most conspicuous

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of the latter group are the men who have made the Amalgamated Clothing Workers our most hopeful labor organization, men like Hillman and Schlossberg, Levin, Rosenblum, Marimpietri, and their less-known colleagues. They know where they are, where they want to go, and how to get there. They recognize that ability to contribute to more efficient production is the condition precedent to that "encroaching control" on management at which they aim, a control which constitutes the worker's sole hope of an industrial world in any way essentially different from that of today. Our best hope for an industrial machine that will work in the future lies not with the short-sighted fighting leaders of the employers' associations and the American Federation of Labor, but with honest and intelligent labor captains of the Amalgamated type, with cool and far-sighted employers like Joseph Schaffner, and with disinterested human beings like John E. Williams, James Mullenbach, James H. Tufts, and Harry A. Millis, industrial philosophers whose fair and clear-sighted decisions have built up in the Chicago garment industry a body of constitutional law that may some day be recognized as no less important for the peaceful and progressive development of human industrial relationships than the decisions of the Federal Supreme Court in the wider field of property and political rights over the entire national area.

The book under review, prepared by the Research Department of the Amalgamated, does Mr. Wolman and his associates great credit. Parts I and II relate the history of the Chicago organization from its inception in the strike of 1910 and its splitting off from the United Garment Workers in 1914 down to the present year, discussing the course of wages and hours and the great wage arbitrations from 1911 to 1921. That unionism, just because it is guided by brains and an ideal, does not fail to do its full duty in regard to immediate ends, may be seen from a single typical fact. In 1911 only 5.8 per cent of men workers in Chicago tailor shops got as much as $20 per week, while 66.7 per cent got less than $15. In September, 1919, only 2 per cent got less than $20, while 69.1 per cent got $35 or more, and 19.1 per cent got $50. These chapters constitute a valuable history of the most significant development in the modern American labor movement.

Part III, on Government in Industry, prepared by Mr. Paul Wander, is extraordinary in subject and execution alike. The author describes his task as that of accounting for the workers' "achievement of citizenship rights in the industry"—a statement happy in both conception and phrasing. By means of a well-made digest and summary of the decisions of the Trade Boards and the Board of Arbitration, exactly in the manner of the lawyer, Mr. Wander shows the body of law that has been built up in the industry during a decennium of constant growth on the foundation of workers' organization as a basis for efficiency. The 223 decisions cited read just like court decisions, except that the language is less formal and legalistic, and the point of view more industrial and commonsense than is common in the awards of the law courts. If every young lawyer could be required to study a case-book of this sort (and Mr. Wander's would be by no means a bad one) our next generation of judges would at any rate know what constitutes clear thinking, fair, intelligent judgment, and simple, direct expression of such judgment in labor affairs.

The author shows, case by case, the "encroachment" of the union on managerial prerogative, taking up in successive chapters the powers of management, discipline and discharge, working conditions, the adjustment of wages, and the principle of union preference. Such an account, prepared in order to show the achievements of the organization, is naturally not a mere judicial summary of Board decisions. Indeed, while most of the awards cited are favorable to the union contentions, the table of decisions during 1912-1914 shows almost as many decisions in favor of the company as of the union, suggesting the genuinely impartial character of the Boards. But the book makes a truly impressive showing of the achievements of the clothing workers in their definite efforts to "exercise control over management" and thereby govern themselves in their own daily life. No group of American-born workers can show anything to compare with the accomplishments of these immigrant men and women, mostly from the "beaten and backward" races declared by some of our sciolistic bio-sociologists to be incapable of self-government.

Most significant of all, perhaps, is the chapter on the preferential shop. Hart Schaffner and Marx have operated for nearly ten years under an agreement to give union members reasonable preference in hiring and discharge. The agreement has resulted in the practically complete unionization of the entire industry. But instead of friction and inefficiency, the result has been the exact opposite. Both sides recognize the importance of the worker's psychology as a condition of efficiency, and the place of an intelligent union, that aims to make its members "free partners in the enterprise of producing clothing," in making a willing worker. The Amalgamated has for ten years been engaged in the process of elbowing the employer out of the clothing industry, but the employer on the whole seems rather to enjoy the process, and at any rate grows fat under it. Maybe the captains of some of our other industries would profit if they should call in the services of a few class-conscious socialist labor leaders of the Hillman type. Certainly they would profit, or at least their country would, if they should think a bit about the meaning of the Amalgamated.

Business men and others will find Miss Savage's study of industrial unionism also useful. It is a conscientious description of the leading industrial unions of the country, including among organizations in the American Federation of Labor the brewery workers and the coal and metal miners, and outside, the revolutionary all-inclusive Industrial Workers of the World and the One Big Union, in addition to the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the Amalgamated Textile Workers, with their affiliated organizations, the United Automobile, Aircraft and Vehicle Workers, and other smaller bodies that have remained, voluntarily or involuntarily, without the sacred precincts of the American Federation. In covering so wide a field Miss Savage almost necessarily deals for the most part with the external and structural features of the organizations described, and her efforts to distil any particular industrial philosophy out of these widely various industrial unions are not particularly successful. Yet her work is a serviceable compendium showing what the various organizations are doing and what they are driving at, and incidentally showing that most of their leaders do not wear horns and forked tails. It is interesting and encouraging to see a Columbia dissertation on this subject bearing the imprint of a publisher of "business" books. Evidently one business publisher thinks that light as well as heat is needed. He is right.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

American Race Riots

The Negro in Chicago. Chicago Commission on Race Relations. The University of Chicago Press. $6.

ON a Sunday afternoon in July, 1919, a number of white and colored people were bathing in Lake Michigan at the Twenty-ninth Street beach in Chicago. A crowd of white hoodlums began stoning the colored bathers and one of the latter, a young boy, was struck and drowned. A white policeman refused to arrest the man who threw the stone. Thus began what turned out to be the most disastrous race riot ever known in America with the exception of the one at East St. Louis in 1917. The Chicago outbreak took as its toll the lives of thirty-eight persons of whom twenty-three were Negroes and fifteen whites. Five hundred and thirty-seven were injured, of which 342 were colored and 178 white. The actual rioting lasted from July 27 to August 2, though the danger was not over until August 8, when the situation had been calmed sufficiently to withdraw the State troops, who ended the rioting after the police force of Chicago had miserably failed.

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The usual method of handling such disastrous clashes in America has been to punish as many Negroes as possible and hush the matter as quickly as could be done. Instead of following the lines of least resistance, Frank O. Lowden, then Governor of Illinois, at the request of numerous individuals and organizations, appointed a commission of eminent white and colored citizens of Chicago "to study and report upon the broad question of relations between the two races." This commission, assisted by a corps of trained investigators, economists, sociologists, social workers, and experts of various kinds, made an exhaustive survey over a period of slightly more than a year. The results have now been published and they mark an epoch in race relations of the United States. The report, with some notable exceptions, is remarkably fair-minded throughout. It is well written in the main though there are several cases of defective reasoning and poor wording.

An example of poor wording is the injunction to Negroes to promulgate "sound racial doctrines among the uneducated members of their race, and the discouragement of propaganda and agitators seeking to inflame racial animosity and incite Negroes to violence." The commission fails definitely to state what it considers "sound racial doctrines" or "propaganda and agitators seeking to inflame racial animosity and incite Negroes to violence." What are sound racial doctrines? What sort of doctrine can a Negro preach against lynching and the burning alive of members of his own race almost weekly in the United States which shall be convincing and yet shall not make his auditors determined to protect their lives to the death against mobs? The general tone of the report is eminently fair and does not tend to disparage the work of reputable propagandic organizations of Negroes. It is therefore to be regretted that so poorly phrased and cryptic an injunction should have been included. After all, what more in the way of propaganda was needed to arouse to violence Negroes in Chicago than the long series of bombings, attacks on innocent colored people by gangs of white hoodlums, discriminations in employment, and the other pernicious practices which preceded the riots?

In all fairness it must be stated that omissions and misstatements like the above are but the exceptions that make more prominent the very real contribution that this report is toward the solution of the problem. Sub-committees on housing, industry, crime, racial clashes, racial contact, and public opinion went into each of these phases of the problem carefully, exhaustively, with successful efforts to maintain an unbiased viewpoint. The result is not only an analysis of the Chicago riots of 1919 or the subject of race relations in Chicago. It indicates vividly the problems of adjusting relations between the races in all parts of America and points the finger of warning to those cities of America where there are latent evils which may lead to the disastrous experience of Chicago unless those conditions are remedied. The report is illustrated with photographs and maps that tend much toward easy comprehension of the text. Noticeable are photographs of clean, intelligent colored people instead of the caricatures so familiar to the American public.

Especial attention is given to the causes, immediate and remote, of the riots: the migration from the South increasing the Negro population of Chicago 148 per cent in three years; the natural overflow from the hitherto definitely defined "Black Belt"; the fifty-eight bombings of the homes of colored people in three years with but two arrests and no convictions; the vicious political situation and the exploitation of Negro voters by white and colored politicians of the Thompson faction; wilful, continued, and unchecked mobbings of colored people by white hoodlums who infested the stock-yards district; the yellow journalism of the Chicago press in handling stories of crimes attributed to Negroes, in which the Chicago *Tribune*, the *Herald-Examiner*, a Hearst paper edited by Arthur Brisbane, and the *Daily News* were especially at fault; the woeful inefficiency if not actual connivance with the mob by the Chicago police force; unchecked and protected vice districts which were allowed to flourish in the Negro sections despite the protests of the better element of Negroes. There is but one additional cause which the report does not treat and that is one rarely brought to the attention of the public. It is generally known that nearly three-quarters of a million Negroes migrated from the South during the period of industrial activity which the war brought. It is not so generally known that many Southern whites migrated as well, drawn by the same economic motives that brought the Negro. This reviewer was sent to Chicago during the riots in 1919 and spent five weeks investigating the causes of the riots. While there he was told by competent and unbiased observers that at least 20,000 Southern whites had come to that city since 1917, and further that the anti-Negro propaganda many of these whites had spread in telling how "we treat niggers down South" had done much toward increasing tension and ill-will between the races.

No student of racial problems or of the principal matters of concern to America can ignore this report. I wish it were possible to quote from the section on the viciousness of the press of Chicago in handling news regarding crimes attributed to Negroes. One cannot imagine certain editors of that city reading this report with unmixed joy. I wish it were possible to give some idea of the testimony of certain Chicago judges for the benefit of those who flee from sane discussion of the race problem because of long-held prejudices on the questions of the excessive tendencies of Negroes to sex crimes. I should like also to tell of the convincing manner in which Negro workmen have answered the charge that they are inherently inefficient, shiftless, and intractable.

Especially notable and valuable are the two chapters on public opinion. Four means through which this is formed, the press, rumors, myths, and propaganda, are handled in detail. A considerable part, if not most, of the bitterness between the races in America is due to insufficient or erroneous information about what the Negro really is and does and does not. The dangers of such a course are summed up in one of the conclusions arrived at by the commission as characteristic of the behavior and opinions of white people toward Negroes, which reads:

"Most of the current beliefs concerning Negroes are traditional, and were acquired during an earlier period when Negroes were considerably less intelligent and responsible than now. Failure to change these opinions, in spite of the great progress of the Negro . . . increases misunderstandings and the difficulties of mutual adjustment."

The report closes with important and sensible recommendations to the police and courts, the city council with its various boards, social and civic organizations, churches, white members of the public, Negroes, employers and labor organizations, press, transportation companies, theaters and restaurants, and to Negro and white workers. While directly applied to the citizens of Chicago, they are adjurations that may well and profitably be heeded in every section of the United States.

Ex-Governor Lowden says truly in the foreword to the volume: "The report does not pretend to have discovered any new formula by which all race trouble will disappear. The subject is too complex for any such simple solution. It finds certain facts, however, the mere recognition of which will go a long way toward allaying race feeling."

Through Governor Lowden and the Commission on Race Relations Chicago and Illinois have done much in the way of atonement.

WALTER WHITE

A Post-Bellum Paracelsus

Die Kindheit des Paracelsus.—Das Gestirn des Paracelsus. By E. G. Kolbenheyer. München: Georg Müller Verlag.

THE sturdy sixteenth-century chemist-physician who learned his science from the book of nature and who earned the right to treat all the futile theorists, his forbears and congeners with contempt, but whose arrogant independence caused him

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endless inconvenience and finally, it may have been, a violent death, has appealed to the imaginations of various creative artists, from Goethe down. And not the least among his admirers is the German-Bohemian-Austrian romancer Kolbenheyer, who has a strange way of weaving about the personality of some old Germanic giant—Spinoza, Rembrandt, this time Theophrastus Paracelsus the inspired charlatan—a puzzlingly varied web of poetry, philosophy, epigram, nature lore, and hopeful mysticism, which is hard reading but pretty nearly the finest work a German writer is producing at present.

Kolbenheyer is not a novelist, but an epic poet who doesn't choose to write in verse. It is perhaps a pity he doesn't, being a German. Madame de Staël discovered a century ago that German poets go to the heart of things better than their fellow-countrymen who write prose, which has never been true in a Latin country. The Paracelsus of this series is the historical—or at least the legendary—Paracelsus, very little altered, but eloquently added to. The pages of the first volume which deal with his inquiring infancy would be worth the attention of any psychologist. Whether this is Kolbenheyer autobiography or pure invention, it is bright, gripping, and true as Gospel. A good deal of the second volume grows Teutonically cloudy, but is redeemed by the touching and simple conclusion. Or is it the conclusion, since the second volume stops at the famous quarrel with the unkind Canonicus Cornelius von Lichtenfels, who wouldn't pay his doctor's bill, and the exodus from Basel, with years of vagabondage ahead of us before somebody rewards our over-confident usefulness by tipping us out of a window? The Star of Paracelsus was the Star of the Wanderer.

As to teaching, the books are a brave plea for tolerance and practical Christianity. They deserve a larger audience than the demands they make on the reader will probably allow them.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

Legal Notes

The American Philosophy of Government. $4. *The Question of Aborigines in the Law and Practice of Nations.* $3. By Alpheus H. Snow. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IN the first of these volumes the late Mr. Snow collected in a substantial volume some nineteen papers and addresses on political and legal subjects which he had contributed during the past ten years to various periodicals, including *The Nation*, or to the proceedings of learned societies. Of the legal or constitutional papers those which deal with the development of the American doctrine of the jurisdiction of courts over States, the execution of judgments against States, and the position of the judiciary in the American system of government are the most notable. The majority of the papers are concerned with contemporary questions of international law and international relations. The Covenant of the League of Nations does not emerge with distinction from the analysis to which Mr. Snow subjects it, and his conclusion that the participation of the United States in the present League would involve some important departures from the established constitutional system is a weighty objection. The alternative suggestion, which Mr. Snow discusses at some length, of a cooperative union of nations, while little likely, we think, to be adopted in any reasonably near future, has at least the merits of moderation and practicality. The final paper, on the participation of aliens in the political life of the state in which they are, was written more than five years before the European war, and its counsels of generosity seem curiously remote when one recalls the outbursts of nationalistic enmity which the war produced and the remnants of which still survive.

The second of Mr. Snow's volumes is an authorized reprint of a report prepared at the request of the Department of State, and is apparently the only formal and thorough treatise on the subject. There is nothing to indicate that the report was prepared for use in connection with the peace negotiations at Paris, but the fact that it was asked for in April, 1918, while the Fourteen Points of Mr. Wilson's program were under discussion, and was submitted the following December (very rapid work, by the way, for an inquiry involving extensive research), suggests that the approaching peace conference may have been its occasion. The fifth of the Fourteen Points, it will be recalled, relating to colonial claims, laid down the principle, conveniently forgotten at Paris, "that in determining all such questions of sovereignty the interests of the populations concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the government whose title is to be determined."

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Music

The Ukrainian National Chorus

A CHORUS of fifty voices sang the canticles and folk-songs of the Little Russians at the Hippodrome on Sunday afternoon. The praise that preceded the chorus from all the musical centers of Europe seemed excessive until one heard it, until one saw Alexander Koshetz with his extraordinarily living hands mold the sounds as a sculptor molds the pliant clay. Here was that noblest and austerest and most stringently moral thing in the world—perfection. The chorus is a human organ, an instrument of incomparable precision and of incomparable expressiveness. It can rustle like the leaves of the forest; it can be as lyrical as a lark at dawn; it can be as sonorous as thunder over mountains.

Its program consisted of five canticles and of fourteen Ukrainian folk-songs. The soloists, Mme. Koshetz and Mlle. Slobodskaja—both a little artificial and neither one vocally impressive—sang, as more or less in honor bound, Rimsky-Korsakoff and Moussorgsky and also such more Western composers as Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff. One was, then, bathed throughout the afternoon in the mood and the music of Russia. The result was curious and troubling and, I believe, significant of a good deal beyond itself.

The canticles should be excepted from the total effect of the performance. Their grave finiteness of musical outline, their curbed aspiration, show the influence of contact with the forms of ancient rituals, with the blended seemliness and rapture that belongs to all the older sacred music of Christendom. In the folk-songs and in the art songs of the soloists the Russian spirit broke through, saturated the mind, filled it with a somber delight that was more than half fear and misgiving.

This music hungers after chaos; this spirit, forced by the passions within to express itself, despises the act of expression as an artistic or intellectual act. It does not want clarification nor synthesis nor transcendence. It has no dream of mastering life through art, or of remolding the world, or of freeing the bosom of its perilous stuff by making objective and beautiful and permanent the passionate confusions and aimless longings within. It does not want personality, mastery, a world of intelligible forms. It cries out of chaos and sinks back into it content with the cry that has been utterance but not expression.

In the brief intermissions other melodies floated into my mind: the soaring eloquence of tone of Beethoven's "The Heavens Declare the Glory of God," Schumann's "Der Wanderer," Hugo Wolf's "Gesang Weylas." The Schumann song, despite its almost unbearable poignancy of yearning, is more than merely that. It is an intellectual act, an act of understanding, transcendence, of liberation from the very yearning in a homeless world which it expresses. The Hugo Wolf song, like the great poem of Mörike which inspired it, builds out beyond the ramparts and naked shingles of the world a realm of the significant imagination in which the spirit of man is triumphant in beauty and freedom. And the methods of these three songs, rightly considered, will be found to be the methods of all the arts of the West—expressive imitation, interpretation, liberation, transcendence.

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The people of Dostoevski and Andreiev and even Gorki find what they call salvation through losing themselves in the mire, in the mass, in degradation, humiliation, denial, chaos. Tolstoi, great pacifist and humanitarian, preached in the end the sinfulness of art, the denial of life, the annihilation of the race. Of what use or avail are then the struggle for peace and the passion for tolerance? He, too, hungered for chaos.

The Great War has left the nations weary and their spiritual energies sapped. Everywhere, especially in Central Europe, the arts of Russia are filtering in and producing imitative movements. It is easy to read Dostoevski and cultivate the luxury of your need and sickness and sorrow and poverty of spirit; it is soothing to hear the music that broods and wails and sinks back into the chaos from which it has arisen. Homer is arduous, and the world of Shakespeare cries out for mastery, and Beethoven, at his gentlest, is a summons toward the victories of the human spirit that cannot be denied. Beware of Russia. But by all means hear the incomparable choric singing of the Ukrainians. L. L.

Drama

Helots

THERE are two kinds of notions in the world. There is the kind that hits you between the eyes; there is the kind that irradiates the soul. Thus there are two kinds of art. There is the art that dazzles and grows dark; there is the art that shines calmly and forever. It would be a sorry sort of affectation to deny one's natural interest in the merely striking and merely dazzling, especially when it is implicated with powerful forces beyond itself. But it is healthy and necessary to keep the difference in mind. I do not at all blame the Theater Guild for producing "R. U. R." by the Czechish playwright Karel Capek, especially in view of the quality of the production; I think it well for both the directors of the Guild and for ourselves to remember and, for a space, to realize the precise quality of the drama in question. The central idea has violence rather than creative energy. Punch is not power any more than a pine torch is a star. Punch, indeed, commonly goes with a lack of power. And the lack of authentic power in the central idea of "R. U. R." is borne out by the execution, which is a strange mixture of wavering brilliance and mere confusion.

What is Capek after? What, in plain language—everything worth saying can be said thus—does he want to tell? Something like this: An industrial civilization with its power concentrated in the persons of the captains of industry and war wants hands not minds, helots not men. It is secure and powerful in the measure in which the proletariat is degraded, insensitive, supine. That is obviously true and was worked out long ago in a melodramatic but quite telling way by Jack London in one of his not altogether deservedly forgotten books. Now, Capek's argument runs on, if ever this industrial civilization does succeed in reducing the proletariat to the level of mere mechanical helots, then the death of civilization will be upon us. For when these helots revolt they will destroy all things and values that represent the spirit of man. The squint at Russia is obvious; the complete absurdity of the argument equally so. For on the one hand we have the assumption that men can be reduced to the level of mere machines which, in the nature of things, would not revolt at all; on the other hand we are told that these helots will revolt against slavery, oppression, their own soulless estate, which at once reinvests them with all the passions, powers, and thoughts from which the triumphs of civilization—St. Peter's and the Divine Comedy and the Ninth Symphony—draw their origin.

In order to project his argument pictorially and dramatically Capek uses what may be called the Golem-Frankenstein device. Rossum, a great physiological chemist, invents a method of manufacturing man-like creatures who make good workers and soldiers but are without passions or self-originating thoughts. These "robots" are manufactured, bought, and sold as workers and, finally, as cannon-fodder. They soon vastly outnumber mankind whose birth-rate declines to nothing since men cannot compete in cheapness or usefulness with the robots. They revolt —this is the central absurdity—slaughter all men left, but are doomed to extinction in their turn since the secret of their manufacture is lost. This ending, which might be called logical were not the whole thing the reverse, is furthermore stultified by an epilogue in which a male and female robot suddenly become human and enter, a queer Adam and Eve, the dusty paradise left them.

There can be no question but that behind the play, as well as in a hundred details of the execution, a high and powerful passion, a far from ignoble imagination have been at work. "R. U. R." is no ordinary work, Capek's no ordinary talent or intelligence. I have been at some pains to point out the brittleness of the argument, the confusion of the symbolism, because this brittleness and this confusion are very characteristic of a good deal of the minor serious drama of the hour. These plays come with an intellectual and poetic gesture which, upon analysis, is seen to be merely a gesture. Their turbid symbolism and specious arguments are in danger of making many people undervalue the literature which is humbler and truer, more concrete, and for that very reason more significant, not spectacular but sound.

Whatever the play has of imagination, weirdness, beauty, horror is fully expressed if not indeed heightened by the settings, costumes, acting, directing at the Garrick. As an example of the art of the theater the production is exquisite in skill, sensitiveness, in the unemphatic completeness of its command of all the resources of that art. It deserves the utmost admiration and the closest attention; the play deserves the nine days' wonder of the proverb. LUDWIG LEWISOHN

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1922 are as follows:

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2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 14, 1923.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

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PSYCHOANALYSIS AND THE UNCONSCIOUS

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International Relations Section

A Hundred Men Knocked Senseless Every Day

THE following extraordinary story of some of the perplexities attendant upon British rule in India and the way the British choose to meet them is reported by the *Manchester Guardian's* special correspondent at Amritsar in the *Guardian* for October 6:

Amritsar, September 13

I must try to give some account of the extraordinary situation at Guru ka Bagh.

From early times most of the Sikh shrines or gurdwaras appear to have been under the management of hereditary trustees known as Mahants. Sikhs allege that these men are, as a rule, men of ill life, that they misapply the income of the gurdwaras, and tolerate idolatrous Hindu practices not consistent with the Sikh religion. The recent religious revival brought into existence the sect of the Akalis, who aim at purifying the gurdwaras by ejecting the Mahants or bringing them under the control of the newly elected Siromani Gurdwara Prabandhak Committee.

Nearly the whole Sikh community sympathized with the Akalis in this. But the Mahants were in possession. Their exact legal position, rights, and responsibilities were exceedingly obscure. They could only be evicted through a suit in the courts, and the result of a suit in any given case would be exceedingly doubtful. The Akalis refused to waste energy in tedious litigation and set about occupying the shrines. This led to the Nankhana Sahib massacre perpetrated by a Mahant who was unwilling to give up possession. It was plain that other breaches of the peace were likely to occur. The Government sought to pass legislation to enable the Akalis to gain their ends legally, while the Akalis dropped their aggressive tactics for the time. But the Government's efforts to produce a bill satisfactory to the Sikhs had resulted in failure, and a party in the Gurdwara Committee had been pressing for a resumption of aggressive tactics when the trouble at Guru ka Bagh suddenly developed.

The Guru ka Bagh is a stretch of land some few hundreds of acres in extent attached to a small gurdwara ten miles from Amritsar. About a year ago the Akalis obtained possession of the gurdwara from the Mahant. But though he had to surrender the gurdwara he retained possession of the land, all, or a part, of which he claimed to be his own private property.

In August some Akalis entered on the land and cut down a tree for the use of the gurdwara. The Mahant lodged a complaint with the police. The men were arrested and put on trial. As non-cooperators they offered no defense, and were consequently convicted and sentenced. Thereafter the Akalis began to enter on the land in larger numbers and to cut more trees. The Mahant again complained, the police took up their position at the spot, and in the next few days had to arrest over a hundred men in the act of trespassing. The Siromani Gurdwara Prabandhak Committee now issued an appeal to the Akalis throughout the province to repair to Guru ka Bagh and assist in asserting their right to the land. The Government interfered to stop organized bodies of Akalis from moving on Amritsar. None the less something like a thousand Akalis succeeded in taking up their quarters in the gurdwara which adjoins the disputed land, and four or five thousand more are said to be camped in the Golden Temple, Amritsar.

The struggle has now taken the following form. Every day a jatha of 100 Akali volunteers starts from the Golden Temple after taking a vow that they will use no violence, but will reach the Guru ka Bagh or return senseless. Another twenty-five men in the Guru ka Bagh Gurdwara take the same vow and set out to enter on the Bagh. These latter are dealt with by the police in the Bagh. Another body of police stops the Amritsar jatha at a bridge on the road seven miles from the city and disperses it as an unlawful assembly.

Yesterday I went to see that strange and most unedifying sight. It was, I think, the tenth day in succession on which a jatha had been dispersed. The business had become a matter of routine and all the rules of the game were fixed and understood by the parties concerned. This is what it looks like, seen from the bridge where the police post is stationed:

A party of 100 Akalis appears marching up along the high-road wearing garlands and singing religious songs. There are three or four graybeards among them and many middle-aged men. Altogether a steady, respectable-looking crowd, though all but a very few would be poor men—small farmers, carpenters, returned soldiers, agricultural laborers, with an odd shopkeeper thrown in.

Two hundred yards to the rear of this jatha follows a crowd of spectators and sympathizers with a fleet of motors equipped as ambulances, manned by Sikh doctors and boy scouts. As the jatha approaches, a young English police officer calls out some eighteen policemen from the post at the bridge and advances to meet it. His men are armed with the regulation police lathi—five and one-half foot brass-shod poles, quite capable of rendering a man worse than senseless if applied indiscreetly to the head.

Reaching the jatha he calls upon it to disperse. The jatha pays no heed. He orders his men to strike, and the long lathis rise and fall—once. Before they have time to strike a second blow the whole jatha is sitting on the ground. This is recognized as "safety," and no blow is struck while the men remain seated. But the lathis have already had their effect. There are eight or ten men lying on the ground, if not senseless, at least unable to regain their feet (for the police have orders to strike at the legs), and that is recognized as a sufficient fulfilment of the vow. The stretchers are whistled up and the casualties removed. Then the remains of the jatha rises to its feet to resume its march, and the whole sickening round is gone through again and again until every soul in the jatha has been rendered incapable of further marching that day.

A most brutal and futile business. I need hardly say that the young English police officer was not enjoying himself, nor were his men, though they are far from squeamish. Naturally there has been great complaint of police barbarity, but if you have to render one hundred men senseless daily and if the use of chloroform is barred, then I don't see how you can be much less brutal than the police were when I saw them. There have been surprisingly few broken bones. Two deaths have occurred, but they were the result not of dispersing the jatha but of an affray in a village in circumstances which are presumably going to be the subject of an inquiry.

Apart from the question of police methods, are the district authorities right in opposing the Akalis at all or in breaking up the jathas?

The district authorities' case is very plain. "The Mahant is clearly in lawful possession of the land. We have no authority to inquire into his title or into the claims put forward in the name of the Sikh community. That is the function of the civil courts. Till someone produces a decree from the civil court authorizing the ejection of the Mahant we have no choice but to protect him in his possession, by force if necessary. We have done what we could to induce him to make a settlement with the Akalis, but we cannot in decency threaten to refuse him protection." I cannot myself see how the district officers' case can be answered, but Indian opinion is absolutely unanimous in denouncing the action taken. Some contend that if the Government had only had the tact to make it plain to the Mahant

[*Continued on page* 482]

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that they were not going to support him he would have compromised with the Akalis without any fuss, I dare say. Others suggest that it would be sufficient to stop the jatha by a cordon of police linked hand in hand. They argue that the Akalis would be precluded by their vow of non-violence from pushing through. I would be more impressed by this argument if the Akalis were anxious to avoid being beaten. But they have taken a vow to get there or be beaten senseless, and they are not the people to submit to being defeated by so simple a device. They would no doubt hold that a steady push is not violence. In fact, another day I saw them pushing at Guru ka Bagh. In short, I fear it is useless to dream of perspiring but polite police spending their days and nights in courteously showing the Akalis off the premises. You have either to let the Akalis occupy the Bagh or accept the horrible alternative which they force upon you—beating them senseless.

But though I don't see my way to blaming the district authorities, it has been brought home very clearly to me that this affair will rank as a first-class victory for non-cooperation. For it is rapidly depleting the small stock of good-will and respect that remains to us in the Punjab. No people can be expected to acquiesce in seeing their fellow-countrymen beaten day after day by the agents of a foreign administration. It is vain to ask them to realize that their countrymen are gratuitously bringing their sufferings upon their own heads. I have not met a single educated Indian who is prepared to admit that our action is even defensible. Mohammedans and Hindus are herein in full sympathy with the Sikhs. And then any appeal to religion, however unreasonable, carries such terrible weight in this country, especially among the lower classes. . . .

How does it happen that you find yourself embroiled with the whole Punjab over a petty dispute which you are anxious to settle in favor of the popular party? Is it the fault of local officers who "have mishandled the situation"? I think not. The trouble is that in the Punjab at least you have lost the public confidence, and this incident is an example of what happens when you try to govern without it.

Maintaining Law and Order in France

THE following proclamation in the course of the recent metallurgists' strike in France was issued by the Mayor of Havre on August 22.

TO THE POPULATION OF HAVRE

My Dear Citizens:

For two months 15,000 metallurgists have been on strike, and over 40,000 people are suffering from the conflict. In spite of the repeated efforts of the Prefect of the Seine-Inférieure and of my own no solution has as yet been found. The whole population has testified its sympathy for the workers, and for their dignity and restraint. The municipal government while coming to the aid of suffering families has tried to maintain an impartial position, and to prevent all conflict between the working masses and public authority.

Fortified by the promise given by the strikers who have assured me that order will not be disturbed, a promise which till now has never been broken, it has not been necessary for me to call for the intervention of either the police or of the gendarmerie (mounted police), while at the same time full protection has been accorded to the industrials. Thus over two hundred policemen on foot or mounted on bicycles have exercised daily a rigid surveillance in the vicinity of the factories. Thus a certain number of policemen have been placed at the disposal of the employers who asked for their services. Thus also in response to the wish expressed by the Nickel Company measures have been taken to assure freedom of work in their factory, as is proved by the letter addressed by the Director to the Mayor of Havre. Thus also the bicycle police have been ordered to accompany the trucks of the Westinghouse Company, so as to assure, if it should be necessary, their free circulation. The municipal government is therefore within its rights in asserting that it has neglected nothing in order to prevent violence, and to give the industrials the greatest security. . . .

By the statement of competent judges there is no previous example of a strike, embracing so large a number of workers and continuing for so long a time, that has been conducted with such perfect order.

In spite of the fact that order has never been disturbed and in spite of the measures of protection already given, and the unanimous approbation of public opinion, the Minister of the Interior, in manifest contradiction of the testimony of confidence which he has given me, now wishes me to adopt rigorous measures toward the strikers. I am to forbid all manifestations and all assemblage on the public highway, and I am made to understand that it is now necessary for me actively to utilize the forces of the mounted police placed at my disposal.

The Prefect of the Seine-Inférieure has by order of the Minister of the Interior sent me the following dispatch:

"In conformity with the instructions of the Minister of the Interior I beg that you will withdraw the authorization for manifestations on the public highway, notably that permitting assembly in the vicinity of La Breque, thus preventing such disorders as might result. In case that you do not feel called upon to accede to this request (*déférer à cette invitation*) I shall find myself under the obligation of myself assuming the control of the police forces in the Havre section, under Article 99 of the law of April 5, 1884."

Continuing to prefer persuasion and good-will which so far had been so successful to brute force, I responded as follows to the dispatch:

"I have no intention of modifying the line of conduct which hitherto has produced excellent results, and which has received the approbation of our citizens as well as the adherence of our representatives in Parliament, Messrs. Jules Siegfried, Deputy, and Brindeau, Senator. It is not concerned with the manifestation at la Breque, but, as you know, with a meeting of five or six hundred strikers who are to meet at a distance of more than five hundred meters from Harfleur (a manufacturing suburb of Havre) before la Ferme Normande, with the object of marching on Franklin Hall (the Socialist headquarters). I refuse your suggestion of utilizing the forces of the mounted police against the workers who have done no wrong. This force you have augmented by sending mounted policemen, so bringing up the number to almost three hundred, an entirely inopportune measure. The local press has stated only today that the 'strike continues with unbroken calm' (a phrase borrowed from *Le Petit Havre* of today's issue). Furthermore nothing has been left undone toward deliberately exciting the workers: thus several hundred workers have been driven from the factories of the Nord and of Paris under the pretext that the metallurgists of France must not employ workers from Havre before the close of the strike.

"I also refuse to lend my countenance to the policy which has for its aim the breaking of the strike. I take note of the fact that the Minister of the Interior wishes from this date to take upon himself the control of the police. I therefore leave with him all responsibility, while I shall not cease in my efforts to preserve order."

I deplore the fact that the closing of the Cercle Franklin, to prevent further distribution of food among the families of the strikers, is contemplated. I think it right to add that we were perhaps on the eve of an understanding between the employers and the workers. Certain employers had in fact officially made on Thursday last certain offers to the Mayor begging him not to make them public before the beginning of the following week. I had hoped that these offers would prove acceptable to the striking metallurgists. But the industrials suddenly changed their minds, perhaps advised of the new attitude about to be

[*Continued on page* 484]

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Does Your Laugh Annoy?

BY E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

Man is a laughing animal. There are lower animals that laugh. The crow, the goose, the hyena, the owl and the jackass, all laugh in their own way. Many men laugh like geese. Some have the canine laugh. Others have sneering, snarling, or sardonic laughs. Occasionally men give one another the horse laugh.

What Is Laughter?

There is pleasurable satisfaction in laughing, even when it is a silly or snickering laugh. For laughter is a single act or explosion of merriment—or any expression of cheerfulness or gaiety. There is health in a laugh.

Does Your Laugh Annoy?

Have you analyzed your laugh? Did you ever wonder whether or not your laugh annoyed those around you? There is unintelligent laughter that stamps one as an inferior.

Great Men and Laughter

On the other hand, there is the contagious, infectious laugh of the sound, sane thinker, the cultured person, the genius. Great men have always been great laughers. Mark Twain, Charles Lamb, Shakespeare, Aesop, Molière, Heine—all laughed their round, health-giving laugh. But there was thought behind each laugh. There was gray matter mixed with each outburst. That's why we ask you to dissect your laugh. Find out if it is a commanding and pleasing laugh.

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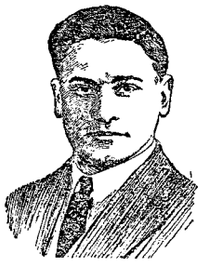

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adopted by the authorities, and on Saturday informed me that I must regard their proposals as null and void. . . .

Le Havre, August 20 LEON MEYER

From Mary Kelsey, who was present during the strike, *The Nation* has received the following information regarding it:

Three months ago the metallurgists of the great Schneider factory had had their pay reduced by 10 per cent. It was on the announcement a few weeks ago of a further reduction of 10 per cent that the men struck. While the price of living has declined since the war, the last three months had brought a pronounced increase in the prices of certain necessities. Meat and wheat were the two staples of which this was mainly true. Of neither does France produce enough for her own consumption, and existing conditions, notably recent droughts in grain-producing countries and the falling exchange, have made importation almost impossible. The price of bread had twice been raised during the past few weeks.

I sailed for America the night of August 22. I had only been on board a few hours when I learned that the whole ship's company was profoundly agitated at the aspect that matters had assumed in Havre. Apparently the sympathy of the citizens of Havre not directly connected with the strike was strongly in favor of the men. A young girl beside whom I stood while reading one of the posters spoke emphatically of the order hitherto maintained by the strikers. My cabin steward told me that he had himself seen shopkeepers selling food to the strikers at cost, and he told me also that the barbers who ordinarily rest on Monday were now setting aside that day so that they might serve the strikers gratis. He added that the Archbishop of Rouen had lately contributed to a fund collected at Rouen for the strikers.

Two days before landing the library-steward brought me the day's radiogram. Under "France" I read as follows:

"Le Havre has been the scene of pitched battle between strikers and police reinforced by troops. Three strikers have been killed, and about thirty persons on both sides have been more or less seriously injured. The Communist headquarters has been seized by the authorities." Evidently the Prefect had done his work well.

Stamboliisky

By R. H. MARKHAM

ALEXANDER STAMBOLIISKY is the big, burly Prime Minister of Bulgaria. His hair is thick and bushy, his chin prominent and relentless, his face hard, and his frame massive. He gives the impression of enjoying a fight, and the history of his political activity shows that there is nothing he likes better. He hits extremely hard and is able to take innumerable blows. He looks stolid and somewhat sluggish, but in reality he thinks rapidly, is very quick and effective in debate. In repartee he never tries to evade a blow but to return two for every one he receives and to return them with interest. He enjoys berating his enemies; he likes to bury them under a flood of bitter invectives and to overwhelm them with a torrent of scurrilous and vulgar denunciation. He is never courteous to an opponent or to any one else. He does not fight with a rapier but with a club and an ax.

The Bulgarians have nowhere near as many profane epithets as the Americans but they have an extraordinary assortment of bad names and Stamboliisky uses them all on every appropriate occasion. He is immensely fond of an oratorical offensive of this sort. When he has concluded an hour's barrage of stinging invectives against his political opponents he feels that he has accomplished something toward bringing in the new era. When he has taken a fall out of the priests, bishops, generals, lawyers, bankers, professors, communists, merchants, patriots, and saloon-keepers he feels that he has just about cleaned up the whole country. [*Concluded on page* 486]

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LET FRANCE EXPLAIN

By FREDERICK BAUSMAN

This work, published in London by an American jurist, and widely reviewed both favorably and unfavorably throughout Europe, lays the Great War to an offensive course of diplomacy and of military preparation by France and Russia under their secret treaty, by the terms of which Germany, in the event of war, should be compelled "to defend on the east and the west at the same time."

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"Mr. Bausman here marshals this large and varied mass of testimony, correlates it with many known but neglected facts of recent European history, and accumulates an overwhelming case for distributed war guilt. In particular he demolishes the myth of a purely pacific and defensive France."—John A. Hobson, Lecturer in Economics for Oxford University Extension.

London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.

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In his speeches to his fellow-villagers he is very clever and extremely effective. He always uses their most simple language, employing a great number of proverbs and even more parables of an unusually striking sort. For example, he says that the old bourgeois parties are the manure—corrupt and foul manure—which is to enrich the soil in which will grow the new agrarian party, destined to rule Bulgaria for twenty years.

So far Stamboliisky's government has been in conflict with the church, the university, the communists, the lawyers and bankers, the committee of reparation, the Government of Sofia, and almost the whole intelligentsia. Every daily paper in Sofia, except the two which Stamboliisky himself controls, is against him. Certain of his fellow-ministers and some of the agrarian local organizations are against him but he goes serenely on reforming and arresting, building roads, pushing through railroads, redividing the land, making new laws and new speeches, virulent, unperturbed, and unafraid.

He rarely condescends to defend himself—but in a recent number of his paper the *Zemledelsko Zname* (the *Agrarian Flag*) he took occasion in a long letter entitled About Myself to answer certain charges against his character. The letter was dedicated to a friend of his—that is a former friend—who has become a relentless enemy. Stamboliisky says to his friend: "And have you also, you also, Brutus, trampled upon your conscience and presumed to say that I have given myself to luxurious and riotous living? How dare you make such an accusation? Did your hand not tremble and did some inner voice not cry out within you when you wrote that vile, cruel, and unjust fabrication? You knew me as a young reporter, unrestrained and impulsive, but humble, honest, and incessantly devoted to work, and how is it possible for you to believe that now that I have reached a mature age when I feel upon me not only the cares of a serious journalist battling for high principles, but also the burden of a broken country, how can you believe that now in such a position I would change my character, depart from my simple, Spartan methods of living, desert my principles, forget my political and moral obligations, and give myself to luxury and lust as my political opponents have done?

"O, my friend, it is just that which they would like to see in me; they want me to take up their vices and to live as they do, even to surpass them in licentiousness. There is no greater calamity for a politician than luxury, lust, venality, graft, intemperance, gambling, hypocrisy, and the self-intoxication which comes from power. And every politician who falls a prey to this curse is doomed; he has no need of enemies for they are always within him. My opponents would applaud me if I were the kind of victim you picture me to be. But just there is the rub, I am not that kind of person, nor can I become that kind, and that is why my existence so enrages them. I am the creation of a simple, honest, and industrious method of life, that is my support, that is my impregnable fortress, that is my inmost nature inseparable from me.

"I consider myself richer than all of my wealthy enemies precisely for the reason that I am able to live in the midst of the most exhausting manual and mental labor, which is afforded only by life in our villages and in our prisons. I am able to eat the most wretched food, to live in the most squalid quarters, and can maintain to the bitter end the fiercest social conflict. I assure you that if Europe is once more submerged in a torrent of fire, blood, and chaos, if Russian bolshevism sweeps over the country, all of my rich opponents, whose wealth will be taken from them, even you, yourself, and our own Bulgarian Communists will find themselves in the position of hopeless beggars in the new regime of manual labor, but I, accustomed as I am to this kind of toil and to this wretched way of living, shall not experience for myself any special difficulty."

TROTZKY QUOTES BISHOP BROWN

In a recent speech at Moscow, Leon Trotzky, according to a Chicago Tribune press dispatch, quoted Bishop Brown, an American, as having said, "Both sides believed that God helped them during the World War to slaughter." This is from the Bishop's wonderful book **Communism and Christianism**, of which the hundredth thousand is just published; 224 pages, 25c postpaid.

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